

# POWER

COMICS

10¢

IN CANADA 15¢

P.D.C.

NO. 1



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





LARGE  
PRECISION-  
GROUND,  
OPTICAL  
LENSES

# THIS GIANT, 30-MILE-RANGE, 4-FOOT SUPER-TELESCOPE

*brings distant objects close to your eyes!*

The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has several precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 4 feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, beauties on the beach, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is \$2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes of this lens construction and size sell up to \$15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!

## 5 DAYS FREE TRIAL- RUSH COUPON

Just send coupon with \$3.00 and get your GIANT TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE postage paid. If you prefer, just send coupon with no money and get yours C.O.D. at \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges. Use it for 5 days and if you are not satisfied, return it and your purchase price will be refunded. Send coupon today! Invention Co., P.O. Box 281, Church St. Annex, New York 8, N. Y.



THE HEAVENS



BEACHES



SEA AND SKY



SEA AND SKY



BIRDS



BALLGAMES



SPORTS



THE BEACHES

## SPECIAL TELESCOPE OFFER!

Here is the most remarkable offer that we have ever made. Now you can see most everything you want to see! Now you can bring distant objects so clearly close to your eye that they will seem almost near enough to touch. Why feel frustrated and baffled by something far away that you want to see in full detail. Why be limited in your vision when you can multiply it 13 to 15 times with the amazing super-powered lenses in this GIANT telescope. Quickly overcome the handicap of distance . . . the magnification does it like magic. This new telescopic invention is a miracle of mass production economy and engineering ingenuity. Made of available war-time materials, it is the equal in performance of telescopes that sell for as much as \$15.00. Think of the wonderful fun you can have by extending your vision 30 miles in full, clear detail. Read on for full explanation of this really remarkable invention.

4-FOOT  
with  
SUPER-POWER.

**NOW—SEE GREAT OR  
SHORT DISTANCES—with  
CLOSE-UP DETAIL!**

and this *Free* CARRYING CASE!



This beautiful, military-looking carrying case is yours absolutely FREE with this offer. It is made of heavy canvas that fits over the telescope, making it easy to carry, and protects it from dust, dirt and rain. It fastens at the top by a drawstring, and can be secured easily and comfortably around your wrist. Carrying case is absolutely FREE with this offer so send the coupon today.

INVENTION COMPANY, Dept. T-411  
P.O. Box 281, Church Street Annex  
New York 8, N. Y.

I am enclosing \$3.00. Send me TELESCOPE and FREE CARRYING CASE immediately. You pay postage. I can return in 5 days for full refund if I am not completely satisfied.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus new C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival. (Same money back guarantee as above).

NAME . . .

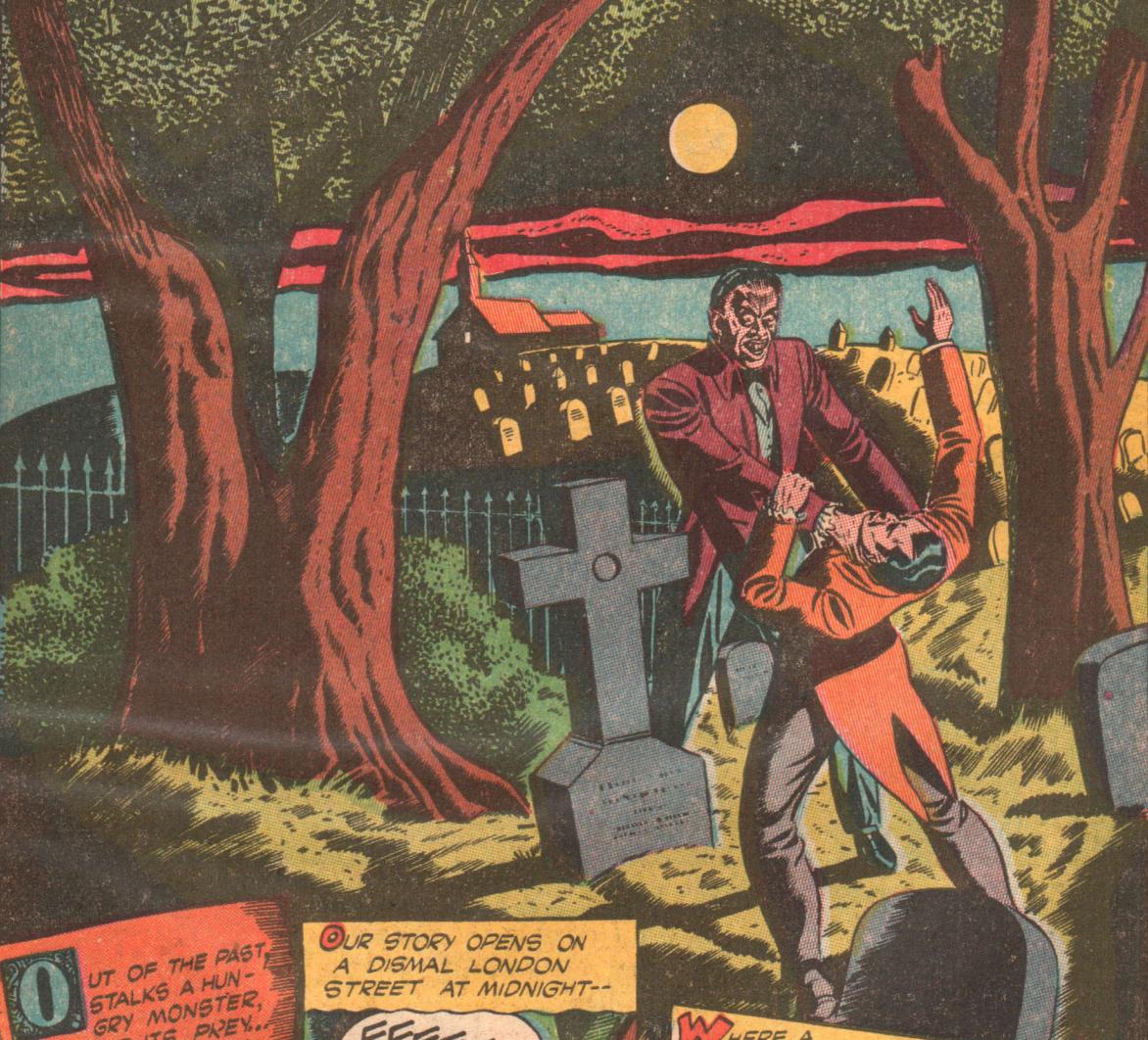
JVJ-NARFSTAR

ADDRESS . . .

CITY & ZONE . . .

STATE . . .

# BLOOD OF THE WOLF



**O**UT OF THE PAST,  
STALKS A HUN-  
GRY MONSTER,  
WHO CAN COMBAT  
THIS EVIL...? WHO  
IS RESPONSIBLE FOR  
HIS BEING...? READ  
ON AND LEARN THE  
HIDEOUS TRUTH  
ABOUT THE

**"BLOOD OF  
the WOLF!"**

OUR STORY OPENS ON  
A DISMAL LONDON  
STREET AT MIDNIGHT--



WHERE A  
LONE FIEND SKULKS  
AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME!



**T**HE NEXT MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS

ANOTHER MURDER!  
SOMETHING'S GOT  
TO BE DONE ABOUT  
THIS....

THE PUBLIC IS  
BEGINNING  
TO CRITICIZE US!

**S**UDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS!

GENTLEMEN!

THIS IS A  
PLEASANT  
SURPRISE,  
INSPECTOR  
HARGROVE!

I THOUGHT I'D  
VISIT YOU  
CHAPS BEFORE  
SCOTLAND YARD  
STARTED AN  
INVESTIGATION!

WHAT  
CAN WE DO?  
WE'RE  
UP A TREE!

MAYBE THE  
SOLUTION IS  
SIMPLER THAN  
YOU THINK!

THESE CRIMES INTEREST  
ME... I AM SUPPOSED TO  
BE ENGLAND'S FOREMOST  
AMATEUR CRIME DETECTIVE!  
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE --  
I THINK I HAVE AN ANSWER  
TO ALL THESE WEIRD  
MURDERS!

WHAT  
CAN IT BE?

THE VICTIMS HAVE  
BEEN FOUND SCRATCHED  
AND CLAWED AS IF THEY  
WERE ATTACKED BY A  
FEROCIOUS  
ANIMAL --

QUITE  
TRUE...  
BUT WHO  
DO YOU  
THINK THIS  
MONSTER  
CAN BE?

THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO  
FIND OUT... BECAUSE I  
HAVE A HUNCH.... AND I'D  
LIKE TO ASK YOU A FAVOR!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY MAIL....

I SEE WHERE THE RETIRED INSPECTOR HARGROVE HAS INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THESE MURDERS!

I'M JOLLY WELL GLAD THAT HE HAS.

I'LL FEEL SAFER ON THE STREETS AT NIGHT, KNOWING THAT INSPECTOR HARGROVE IS WORKING ON THE CASE!

AND, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

I'M GLAD THAT HARGROVE INTERESTED HIMSELF IN THIS MESS...WHAT WAS THE FAVOR HE ASKED YOU?

NOTHING MUCH, HE MERELY ASKED TO HAVE ME ASSIGN YOUNG CARL BRANDON TO WORK WITH HIM--

BRANDON? HE'S ONE OF YOUR YOUNGEST MEN, ISN'T HE?

HE IS... BUT HE'S VERY INTELLIGENT! HE'LL LEARN A LOT FROM INSPECTOR HARGROVE!

THAT NIGHT IN A LONDON RESTAURANT...

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I CHOSE YOU TO HELP ME ON THIS CASE--?

YES... I AM-- I'M QUITE FLATTERED BECAUSE A PERSON WHO IS AS IMPORTANT AS YOU SHOULD SINGLE ME OUT FROM ALL THE OTHERS!



YOU'RE THE MOST INTELLIGENT OF THE LOT-- TO-NIGHT, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE -- I THINK--

YOU MEAN THAT YOU--?

YES... I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE WEREWOLF... BUT I WANT YOU TO GET THE CREDIT FOR NABBING HIM-- NOT ME!

I WANT YOU TO MEET ME ON THE NORTH END OF LONDON BRIDGE JUST AFTER MID-NIGHT --WE CAN THEN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING RIGHT AWAY!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR... I'LL BE THERE!



A FEW HOURS LATER!

THE INSPECTOR  
SAID A LITTLE AFTER  
MIDNIGHT... I WONDER  
HOW LONG I  
HAVE TO WAIT...?

Then suddenly from the shadows, the  
figure of a man emerges...

HARRISON! GOOD HEAVENS...  
WHAT A COINCIDENCE... WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HELLO, BRANDON,  
I CAME HERE  
TO WARN YOU.

WARN ME?... OF  
WHAT?

THIS HARGROVE...  
HE'S A STRANGE  
PERSON! I'VE BEEN  
CHECKING ON HIM ALL  
DAY... I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE  
KNOWS MORE ABOUT  
THESE MURDERS THAN  
HE CARES TO REVEAL!

INSPECTOR  
HARGROVE?  
...WHY THAT'S  
RIDICULOUS,  
HARRISON!

RIDICULOUS, YOU SAY?  
PERHAPS BRANDON...  
BUT, AS A FAVOR TO ME,  
YOUR BROTHER OF-  
FICER... TAKE CARE OF  
YOURSELF... WE'RE  
DEALING WITH A  
DANGEROUS MADMAN!

I'LL TAKE CARE!  
THANKS LOADS,  
HARRISON!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ANOTHER  
FIGURE COMES OUT FROM  
THE SHADOWS TO GREET  
BRANDON

HELLO, BRANDON...  
THIS BLASTED FOG  
IS SETTING IN...  
WHAT DID  
HARRISON HAVE  
TO SAY ABOUT  
ME?

OH! NOTHING,  
REALLY... HE  
HAPPENED  
TO BE TAK-  
ING A MID-  
NIGHT  
STROLL ON  
THE BRIDGE...  
DID YOU SEE  
HIM?

BUT DEFINITELY... I  
SUPPOSE YOU THINK  
IT'S STRANGE THAT I  
SHOULD CHOOSE SUCH  
A LONELY SPOT FOR A  
TALK WITH YOU!

FRANKLY...  
I AM.  
WHY?

BUT BRANDON NEVER HEARS AN  
ANSWER TO HIS QUERY... FOR AT  
THAT MOMENT STRONG HANDS  
FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE  
BRIDGE STIFLE HIS WORDS...

ARRGH!

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT A LONDON HOSPITAL...

...AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED...  
-BEFORE I COULD UTTER A CRY, I  
WAS ATTACKED BY SOMEONE...  
-I DIDN'T REMEMBER A THING  
AFTER THAT...

BUT-INSPECTOR  
HARGROVE!!! WHAT  
BECAME OF HIM?



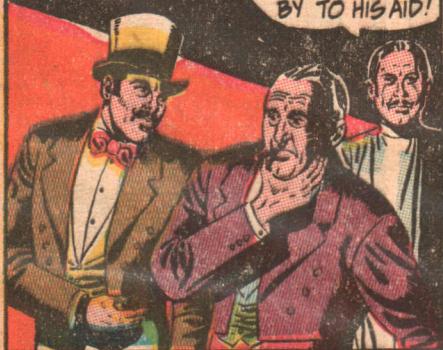
I DON'T KNOW... I HAVE  
NO KNOWLEDGE OF  
ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED...  
-I REMEMBER SPEAKING  
TO DETECTIVE HARRISON  
ONLY A FEW MINUTES  
BEFORE I WAS  
ATTACKED!

HARRISON?  
WHAT  
EARTH WAS  
HE DOING  
THERE?



IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...  
-I ASSIGNED HARRISON  
TO PATROL THE LONDON  
BRIDGE AREA... HE WAS  
THERE UNDER MY  
ORDERS...

THIS  
SITUATION  
IS BECOMING  
MORE  
COMPLICATED  
LUCKILY  
BRANDON'S  
CRIES BROUGHT  
SOME PASSERS-  
BY TO HIS AID!



LATER IN THE  
DAY AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

HERE'S THE PROBLEM  
WE'RE FACED WITH...  
AS FAR-FETCHED AS IT  
SOUNDS, IT'S QUITE  
POSSIBLE THAT EITHER  
HARGROVE OR HARRISON  
MIGHT HAVE ATTACKED  
BRANDON...

DON'T  
BE RIDIC-  
ULOUS...  
BOTH  
THESE  
MEN HAVE  
REPUT-  
ATIONS THAT  
CAN BEAR IN-  
VESTIGATION!

PERHAPS... BUT  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO THEM, THEN? MIGHT  
WHY AREN'T  
THEY HERE TO  
ASSIST US...?  
THEY WERE  
NOT AT  
HOME ALL  
NIGHT!

MMM...  
THERE  
MIGHT  
BE A LOT  
IN WHAT  
YOU SAY...  
-LET'S GO  
INTO MY  
OTHER OFFICE!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER IN HIS OFFICE ---

I'M AFRAID, GENTLEMEN, THAT IF INSPECTOR  
HARGROVE AND DETECTIVE HARRISON  
DON'T ARRIVE SHORTLY WITH AN  
EXPLANATION OF THEIR ACTIVITIES  
LAST NIGHT, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE STEPS!



THAT WON'T BE  
NECESSARY, INSPECTOR  
WILLIAMSON...

HARGROVE!  
HARRISON!!



YOU SEE, WILLIAMSON...  
HARRISON AND I KNOW  
WHO THIS FIEND IS...

WHO...  
WHO IS  
IT?

THERE'S YOUR MURDERER...  
INSPECTOR WILLIAMSON!!!

YOU'RE...  
YOU'RE CRAZY!



I'VE BEEN TRAILING YOU FOR  
DAYS AND NIGHTS. I HAVE  
ALL THE PROOF... I CONFIDED  
IN HARRISON, AND DELIBERATELY BROUGHT HIM TO  
LONDON BRIDGE TO BRING  
YOU OUT IN THE OPEN... YOU  
WERE GOING TO KILL HIM  
BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT  
HE KNEW ABOUT YOU!

ALL RIGHT, YOU FOOLS!  
-SO YOU KNOW MY  
SECRET! STAND BACK  
ALL OF YOU OR I'LL  
KILL YOU!!

YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS,  
WILLIAM-  
SON!

NO  
YOU  
DON'T  
WILLIAM-  
SON!



LATER ON IN THE DAY, AFTER WILLIAMSON  
HAD BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE  
POLICE!

WILLIAMSON MUST  
HAVE COMPLETELY  
LOST HIS MIND SEVERAL  
YEARS AGO, BUT NOONE  
KNEW IT! HE IMAGINED  
HE HAD THE BLOOD  
OF A WOLF IN HIM!

HARGROVES  
AND I HAD A  
HUNCH THAT HE  
WAS GOING TO  
KILL YOU! YOU  
ARE YOUNG AND  
AMBITIOUS... HE  
WAS GETTING  
JEALOUS.



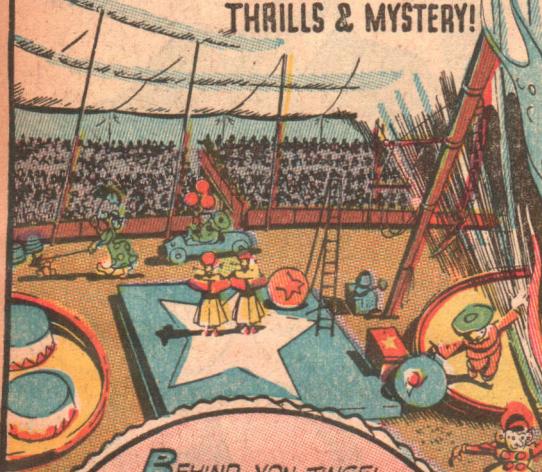
POOR IN-  
SPECTOR  
WILLIAMSON!  
WHAT A TRAGEDY.  
-WELL, AT  
LEAST IT'S THE  
END OF THE  
WEREWOLF  
MURD-  
ERS!

# THE GREAT CIRCUS MURDER

*or...* The Elephant's *COCO*

A SUPER-COLOSSAL SPECTACLE  
OF SUSPENSE, LOADED WITH 1001

THRILLS & MYSTERY!



BEHIND YON TINSEL  
AND GLITTER THAT MAKE  
UP THE LIVES OF CIRCUS  
FOLK LURKS THE MYSTERIOUS  
---THE UNKNOWN---THE  
PITFALLS, TRAGEDIES, AND  
HEARTACHES OF THE PEOPLE  
WHO AMUSE AND THRILL US WITH  
THEIR FEATS AND DARING---  
---THIS IS SUCH A STORY---  
---IT BEGINS IN THE DRESSING  
ROOM OF LORNA LA VERNE  
BILLED AS---  
"The Bird of Paradise"

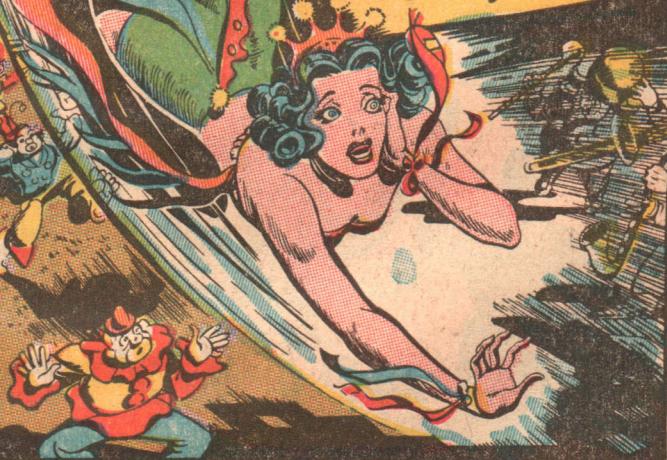
**REVENGE!**

BLAINE'S CIRCUS  
presents

**THE BIRD OF  
PARADISE**

IN HER SPECTACULAR  
200 FOOT LEAP INTO A  
10-FOOT TANK!!

Today! Today!



YOU--  
MR. GRIER!  
ARE ONE  
PHONEY PRESS  
AGENT--IF YOU  
DON'T GIVE ME  
MORE OF A BUILD-UP,  
I'LL QUIT THE SHOW--  
LIKE THIS--!!!

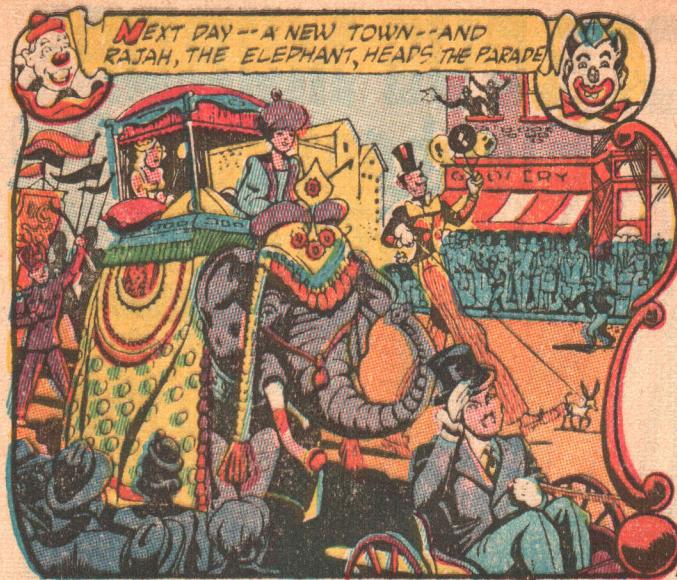


GO AHEAD! WHO CARES? I  
TAKE ORDERS FROM THE  
OWNERS OF THIS SHOW--  
PERSONALLY, I DON'T CARE  
WHETHER YOU'RE ALIVE  
OR DEAD!

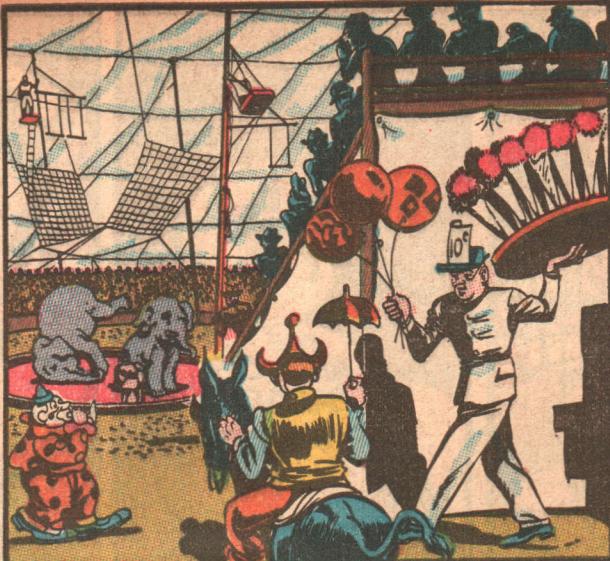


YEAH, THAT'S 50! AND  
IF YOU'VE GOT ANY  
SQUAKS, ABOUT IT,  
SEE BLAINE, NOT  
ME!





THAT AFTER-  
NOON, KIDDIES  
THRILL TO THE  
CIRCUS  
WONDERS--  
AND--THAT  
NIGHT,  
THE TORCHES  
FLAME  
AGAIN--  
THE  
EVENING  
SHOW  
IS ON!!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--  
THE BIRD OF PARADISE  
USUALLY COMES ON AT  
THIS HOUR--INSTEAD, SHE  
WILL APPEAR AT THE END  
OF THE  
PERFORMANCE!



MEANWHILE--IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF THE  
BIRD OF PARADISE--

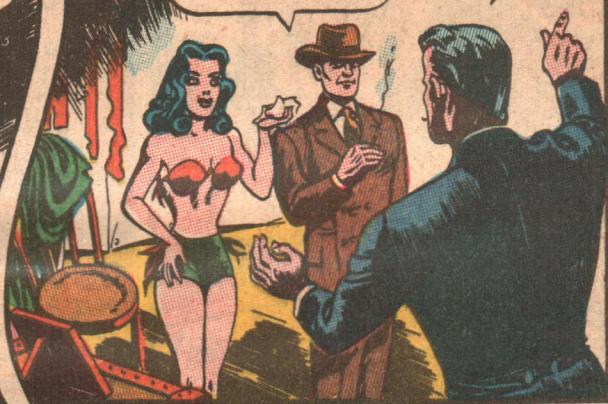
DON'T BE A FOOL, LORNA---! WHY DO YOU  
ARGUE WITH ME? GO ON WITH YOUR  
ACT-- BLAINE IS AN IDIOT-- HE'LL NEVER  
BE ANYTHING BUT A ---

NO--  
NO--!



SAVE YOUR BREATH, GRIER--I'M HERE IN  
PERSON, TO DEFEND MYSELF--YOU'VE BEEN  
PICKING QUARRELS WITH LORNA LONG ENOUGH,  
YOU CHEAP PUPILICITY HACK-- YOU'RE FIN-  
ISHED--GET OUT!

O.K. BLAINE--



LORNA--DON'T BELIEVE  
ANYTHING HE SAID ABOUT  
ME-- I LOVE YOU!

LET'S GIVE UP THIS  
GLITTER AND NONSENSE  
AND GET MARRIED--



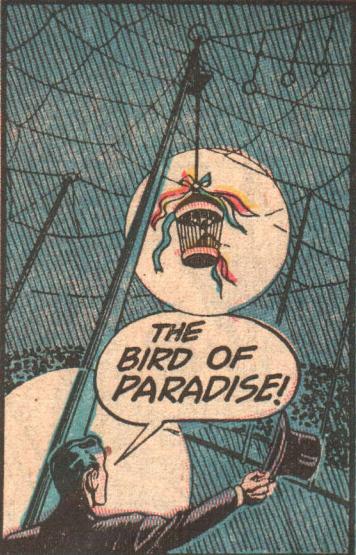
ALEX! STOP  
HURTING MY  
ARM! YOU  
KNOW WHO  
I LOVE!



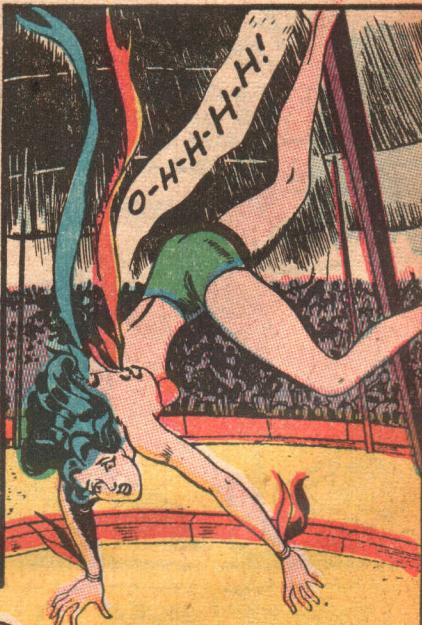
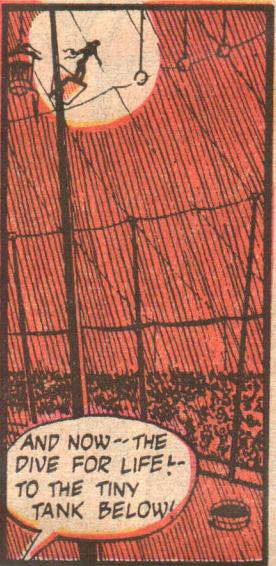
I'M SORRY, FORGIVE ME, LORNA--!  
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT IS-- IT CAN'T  
BE GRIER--HE HATES YOU, LORNA!  
COME ON-- THEY'RE WAITING FOR  
YOU OUTSIDE!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--  
THE WONDER OF THE  
AGE! --THE FEARLESS  
FEMININE SENSATION  
OF ALL TIME--



--AMID A STORM OF CHEERS, SHE REGAINS HER PERCH-- THEN--



MISTER BLAINE—"BIRD OF PARADISE -- FELL! MISSED TANK! DEAD! EVERYONE'S TALKING -- BLAME GRIER--I-I--

DEAD?  
GET GRIER IN HERE--  
NOW!

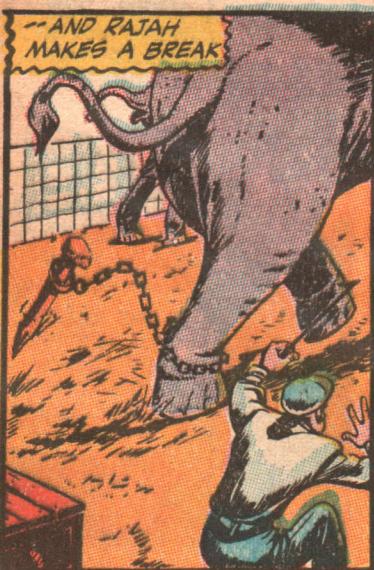
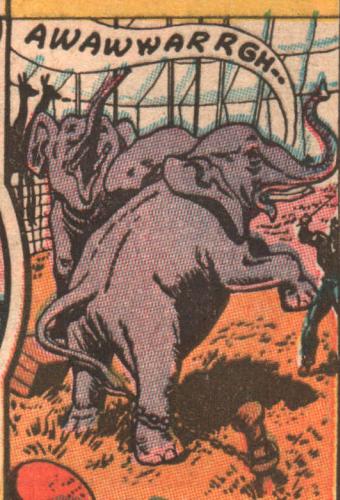
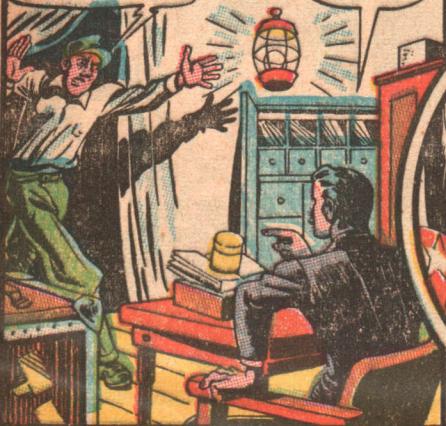
A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I HAVE PROOF THAT HE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEATH!  
ARREST HIM!

BLAINE!  
BLAINE! NO!

MEANWHILE TROUBLE BREWS IN THE MENAGERIE!

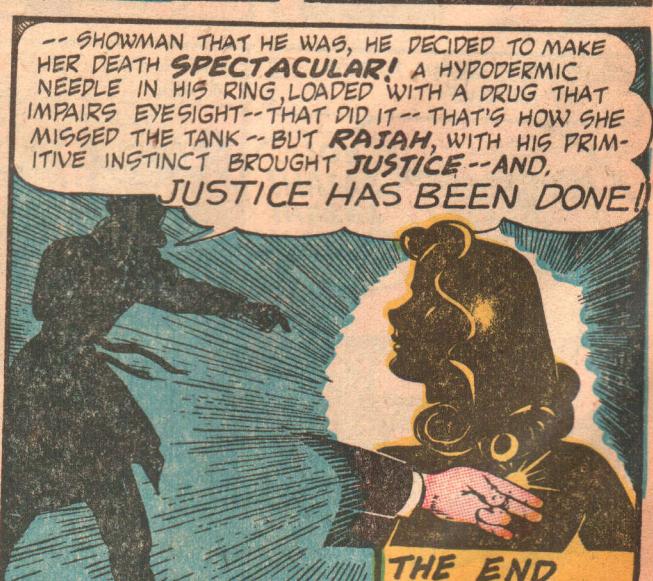
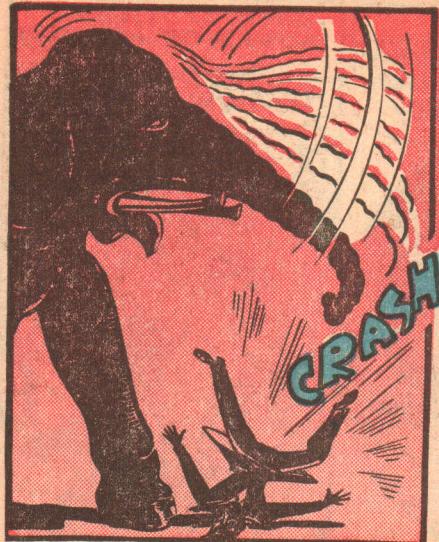
AWAWWARRGH...



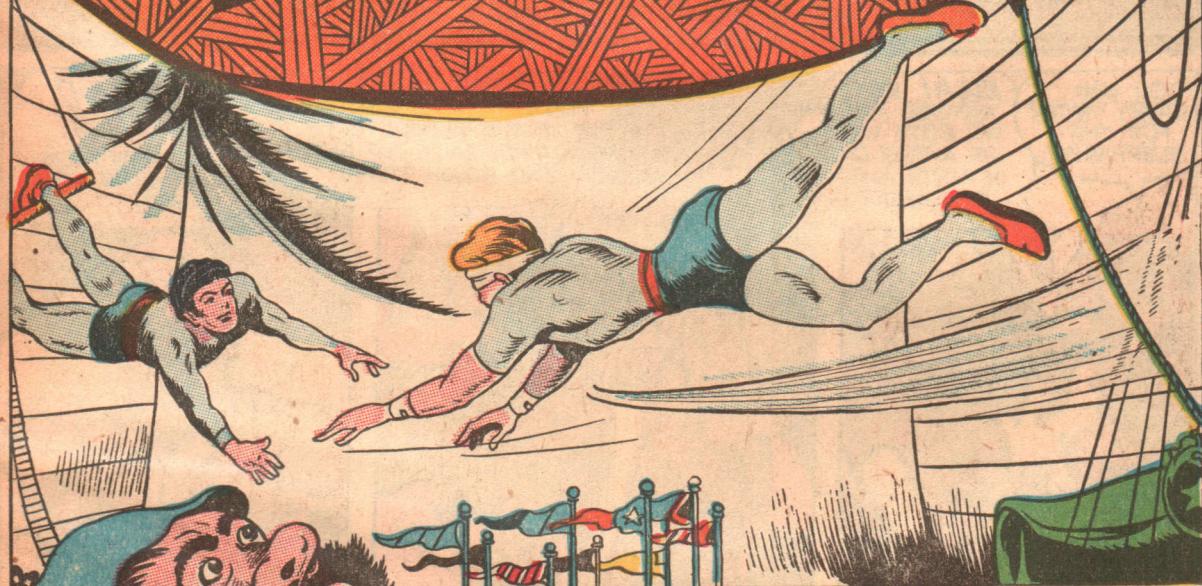
Suddenly, Rajah turns on Blaine!

NO!  
RAJAH!  
RAJAH!  
RAJAH!





# DUSTY DUGAN



DUSTY DUGAN, KNIGHT OF THE ROAD, AND MAN ABOUT HIGHWAYS, STROLLS ALONG AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD-- WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A GNAWING FEELING IN HIS VITALS--



AS DUSTY ARRIVES AT THE CIRCUS,  
HE SENSES SOMETHING STRANGELY  
FAMILIAR ABOUT THE OUTFIT.

HM-M! LOOKS COMFORTABLE  
SETTIN' DOWN THERE IN  
THE VALLEY --- I  
WONDER ---

SURE-- I REMEMBER YOU--  
YOU WERE WITH THE CIRCUS  
AT WICHITA --- DOIN' LIGHT  
JOBS -- WANT TO GO  
TO WORK?

I'M YOUR MAN  
PROVIDIN' THE  
TASKS ARE NO  
HEAVIER, BOSS!  
WHAT DO I DO?

YOU CAN  
CARRY WATER  
FOR THE  
ELEPHANTS!

ELLA! RE-  
MEMBER ME?  
WE BOTH WENT  
ON A TEAR ONCE  
IN PERTH AMBOY--  
REMEMBER?

YOU LANDED IN THE  
PAPERS--AND I LANDED  
IN THE KLINK! NOW!  
NOW! EASY, OLD GIRL--  
NO ROUGH STUFF!

HEY!

COME AWAY FROM  
ELLA! SHE'S GONE  
BAD!!

--BUT THE BIG BRUTE GENTLY  
LOWERS DUSTY WITHOUT HARMING  
A HAIR ON HIS FACE! --MUCH TO  
THE KEEPER'S AMAZEMENT.

WHAT'S ALL THE  
EXCITEMENT, PAL-- SHE  
AIN'T BAD-- JUST LONE-  
SOME-- LET HER LOOSE!

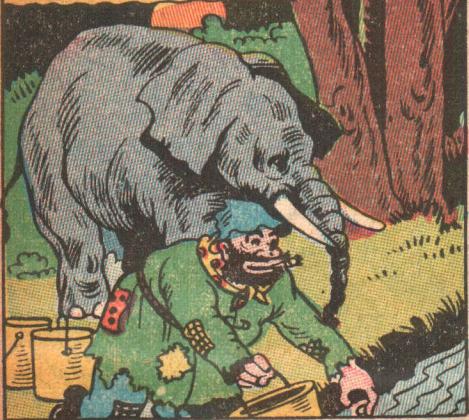
LOOSE?  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!

ATTA GIRL, ELLA--  
LET'S GO-- AND  
EASY ON THE  
HORSEPOWER!

WELL, I'LL BE  
DAWGONED!

MEEK AS A LAMB NOW, BIG ELLA PROUDLY  
PROCEEDS TOWARD THE RIVER WITH HER  
NEW-FOUND FRIEND IN THE DRIVER'S  
SEAT---

WHILE THE BIG ELEPHANT STANDS PLACIDLY BY, DUSTY STARTS FILLING HIS PAILS-- WHEN THE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY--



SOUNDS LIKE SOME CONVERSATION GOING ON THERE BEHIND THE TREES-- NO DOUBT A GROUP OF MY OLD FRATERNITY-- COMPANIONS OF THE ROAD!



THEIR COCKTAIL HOUR, NO DOUBT-- I COULD DO WITH A FEW "HORS DOOVERS"!



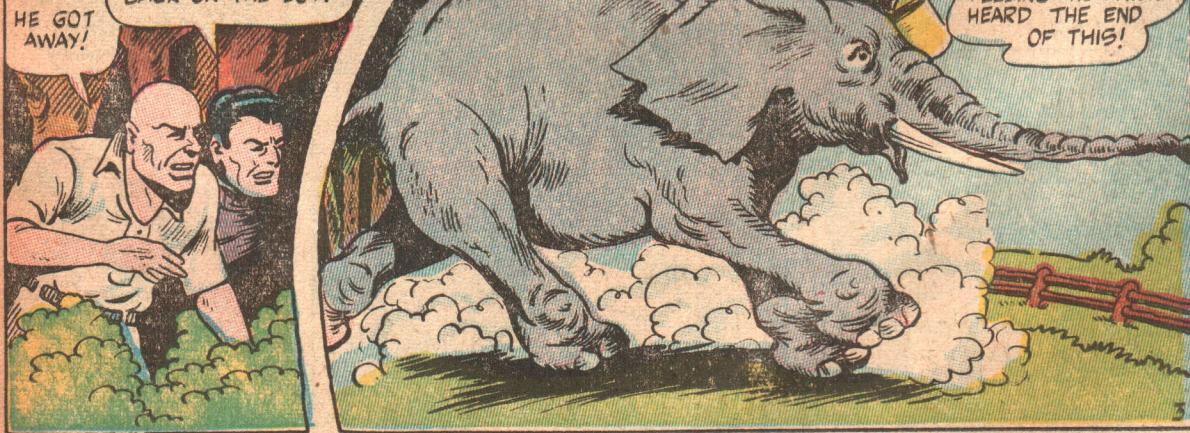
WE'LL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT-- AND COLLECT HIS INSURANCE OF 10,000 DOLLARS...



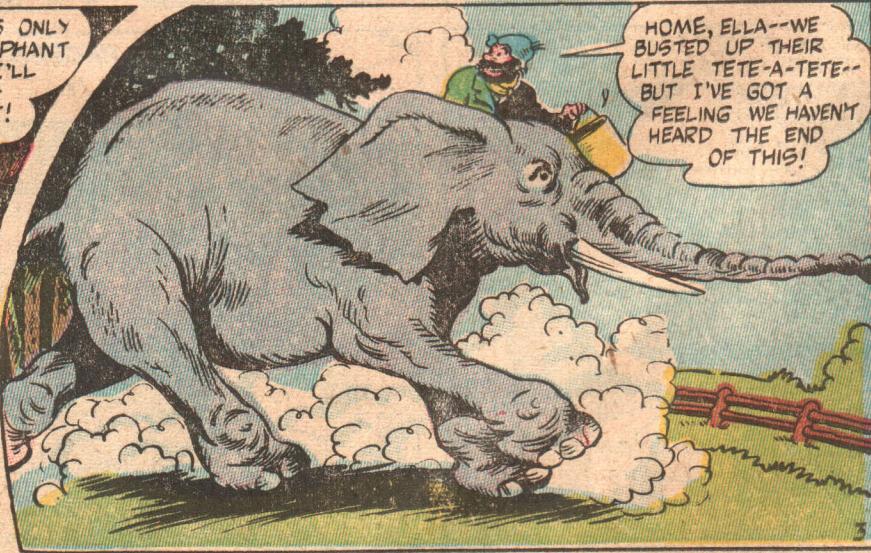
BUT IT'S TWO MEMBERS OF THE ACROBAT TROUPE-- KNOWN AS THE "THREE AERIAL COMETS"-- PLANNING A DASTARDLY SCHEME WITH THEIR JUNIOR PARTNER--



DON'T WORRY-- IT'S ONLY THAT HOBO, THE ELEPHANT TRAINER HIRED-- I'LL FIX HIS WAGON-- BACK ON THE LOT!



HOME, ELLA-- WE BUSTED UP THEIR LITTLE TETE-A-TETE-- BUT I'VE GOT A FEELING WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE END OF THIS!



THE CONSPIRATORS HURRY BACK TO THE LOT--BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF LIFE--THE CIRCUS IS BLACKED OUT FOR THE NIGHT--EXCEPT FOR A TINY GLOW FROM THEIR OWN TENT--



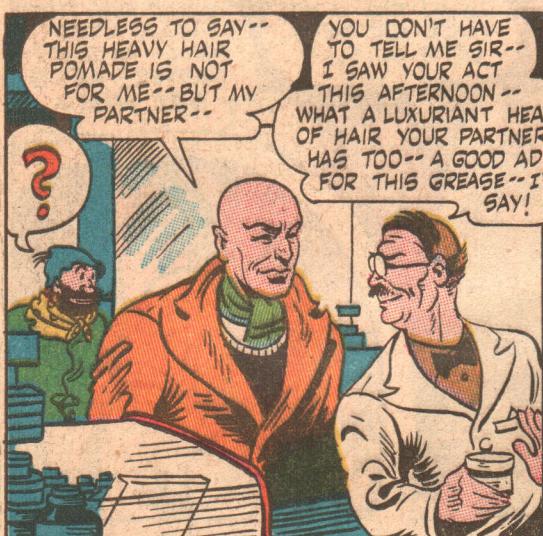
THAT CONVERSATION I OVERHEARD--IT'S GOT ME WORRIED--I'D SWEAR IT WAS MY NERVES--IF I HAD ANY!

THE ONLY PLACE OPEN IS AN ALL NIGHT DRUG STORE--

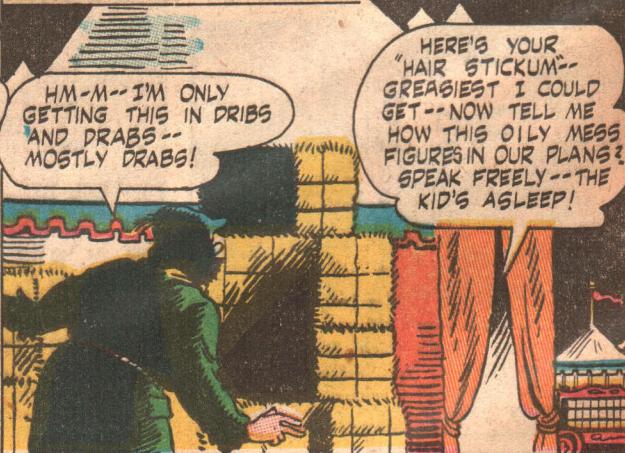
A COKE MIGHT HELP!



A LITTLE LATER, DUSTY IS UNABLE TO SLEEP AND DECIDES TO TAKE A STROLL INTO TOWN--



DUSTY TRAILS THE ACROBAT BACK TO THE TENT--AND LISTENS----

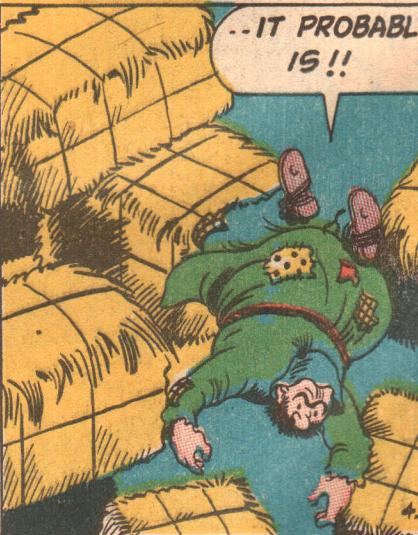


IN AN EFFORT TO GET CLOSER, DUSTY CLIMBS UP ON THE HAY--



--IT PROBABLY IS!!

QUICK! DOUSE THE LIGHT!! THERE'S THAT SNOOPER AGAIN-- I'LL GRAB HIM!



THEY KNOCK THE STUNNED TRAMP OUT WITH A BLOW FROM AN AUTOMATIC

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO LAY OFF OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS, STUPID!

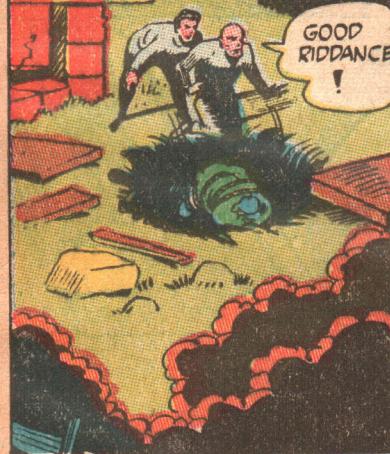


WHAT'S UP, ANYWAY-- I THOUGHT I HEARD A RUMPUSS AND A GROAN!

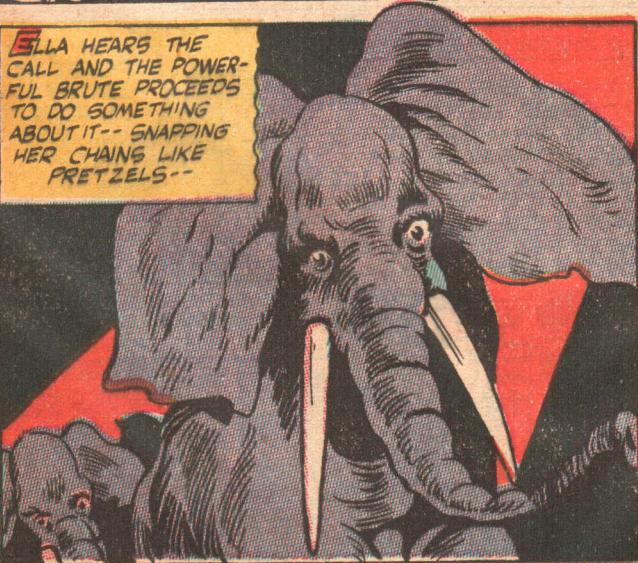
JUST A NIGHTMARE, KID--- GET BACK TO BED-- WE HAVE A REHEARSAL IN THE MORNING BEFORE THE GRAND OPENING!



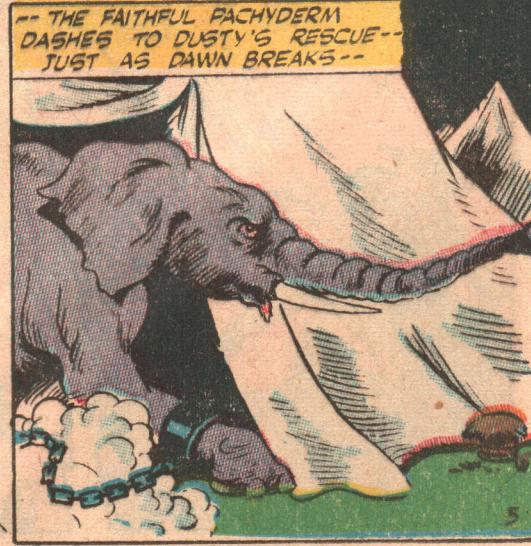
BOUND HAND AND FOOT, DUSTY IS CAST INTO AN ABANDONED CISTERNS--



ELLA HEARS THE CALL AND THE POWERFUL BRUTE PROCEEDS TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT-- SNAPPING HER CHAINS LIKE PRETZELS--



-- THE FAITHFUL PACHYDERM DASHES TO DUSTY'S RESCUE-- JUST AS DAWN BREAKS--



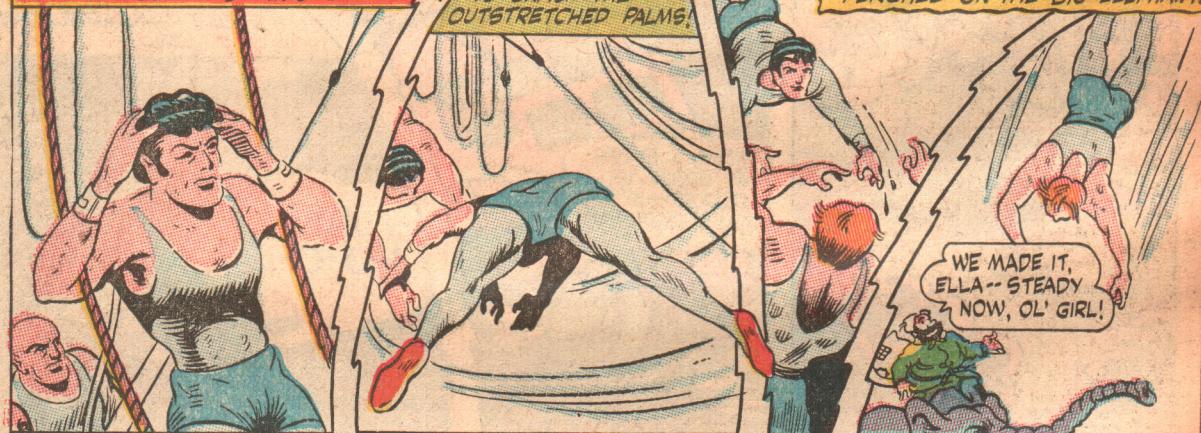
ELLA PROVIDES A VERY  
EFFICIENT LADDER --



FURTIVELY, THE PARTNER RUBS HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS THICK CURLY HAIR -- SMEARING THE OILY GREASE WELL UP OVER HIS WRISTS --

A PERFECT DIVE -- AND BUB REACHES TO GRASP THE OUTSTRETCHED PALMS!

-BUT HE'S UNABLE TO HOLD ON AND HE PLUNGES TOWARD THE ARENA AS DUSTY ARRIVES -- PERCHED ON THE BIG ELEPHANT.

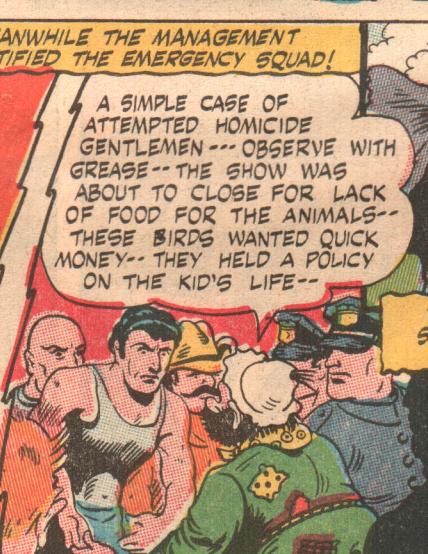


GOT YA, BUB -- FUNNY THE DODGERS NEVER CAME AFTER ME!

MEANWHILE THE MANAGEMENT HAS NOTIFIED THE EMERGENCY SQUAD!

A SIMPLE CASE OF ATTEMPTED HOMICIDE GENTLEMEN -- OBSERVE WITH GREASE -- THE SHOW WAS ABOUT TO CLOSE FOR LACK OF FOOD FOR THE ANIMALS -- THESE BIRDS WANTED QUICK MONEY -- THEY HELD A POLICY ON THE KID'S LIFE --

MY ONLY REGRET WAS LEAVING ELLA. I'M GOING TO MISS HER!

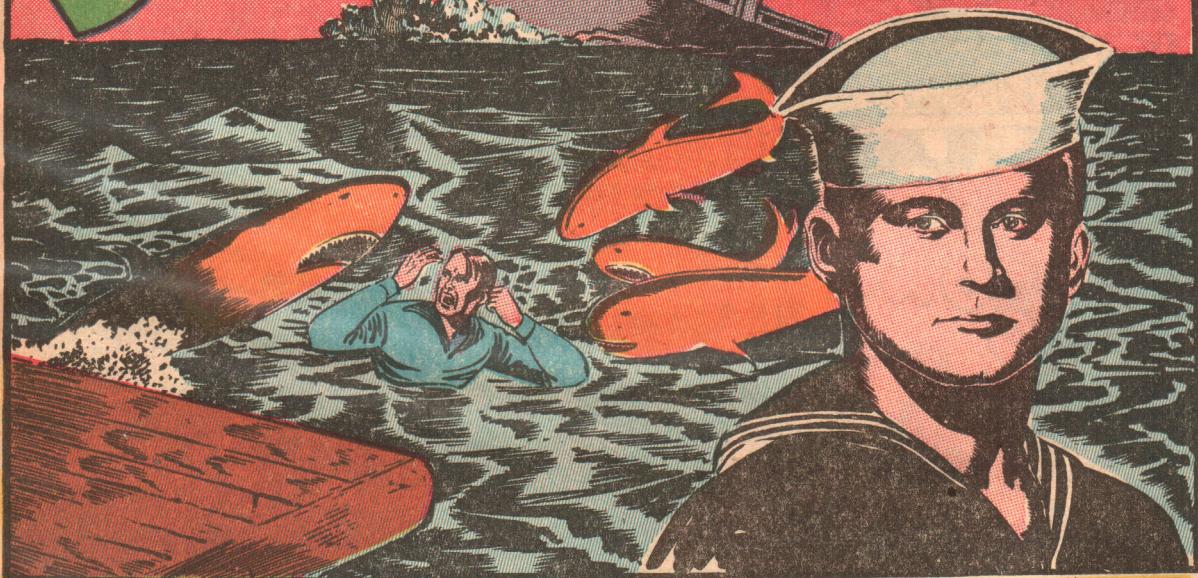


TO ESCAPE ANY HERO WORSHIP, DUSTY QUIETLY TAKES TO THE ROAD AGAIN --

# Shark Bait

A TRUE STORY

U.S. NAVY SIGNALMAN, FIRST CLASS, JOSEPH P. HARTNEY BELIEVES SHARKS ARE COWARDS AND HE OUGHT TO KNOW... FOR HE'S STILL ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE, AFTER FIGHTING OFF A FEROCIOUS ATTACK, BY A SCHOOL OF THE MONSTERS, FOLLOWING THE SINKING OF HIS CRUISER IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC!



EARLY ON THE MORNING OF NOV. 13 1942, HARTNEY, WHO HAILS FROM NEW BRITAIN, CONN., TOOK PART IN A FURIOUS CLOSE RANGE BATTLE ON THE U.S. CRUISER JUNEAU, WITH A HUGE JAP INVASION FLEET NEAR GUADALCANAL?

SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION OCCURS AND BLOWS HARTNEY THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS A BARREL OF FUEL OIL --

THEN, HARTNEY IS BLINDED BY A DRENCHING DELUGE OF STEAMING HOT FUEL OIL!



AS THE BOAT STARTS TO SUBMERGE--  
HARTNEY CATCHES HIS LEG ACCIDENTLY  
ONTO A PIECE OF STEEL...

I'VE GOT TO GET  
AWAY FROM HERE  
...AND QUICK!



BUT BEFORE HARTNEY CAN DIVE OVERBOARD, THE BIG  
CRUISER GOES DOWN, DRAGGING JOE UNDER WATER...



THEN, A LUCKY UNDER SURFACE  
EXPLOSION SENDS HARTNEY HURL-  
ING A FEW FEET CLEAR OF THE SEA!



LATER HARTNEY WAS PULLED  
ABOARD A RAFT, BUT A COLD  
DREARY NIGHT FOLLOWED, WITH  
SEVERAL OF THE MEN DELIRIOUS!  
THE NEXT MORNING, HOPING  
AGAINST HOPE, THEY SEARCHED FOR  
LAND!.



AT NOON, JOE MAKES A  
TERRIFYING DISCOVERY---



DID HE GET  
YOU, BILL?

YES, JOE!  
BUT HE  
ONLY TOOK  
THE SKIN  
OFF MY  
HAND!

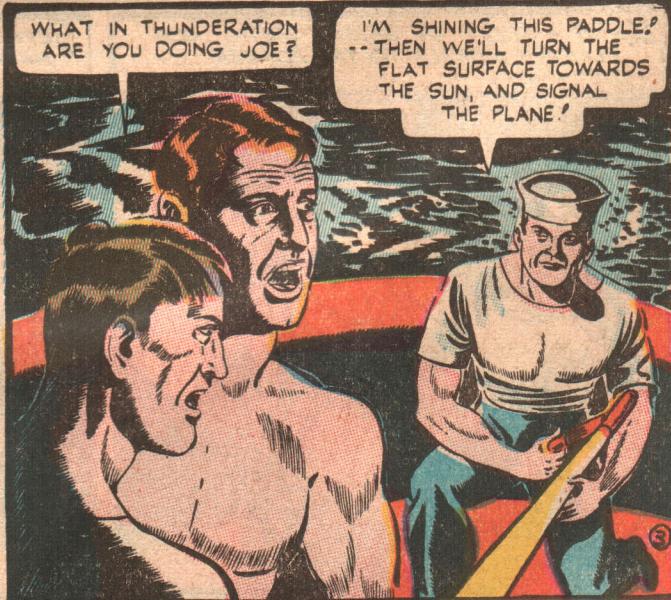
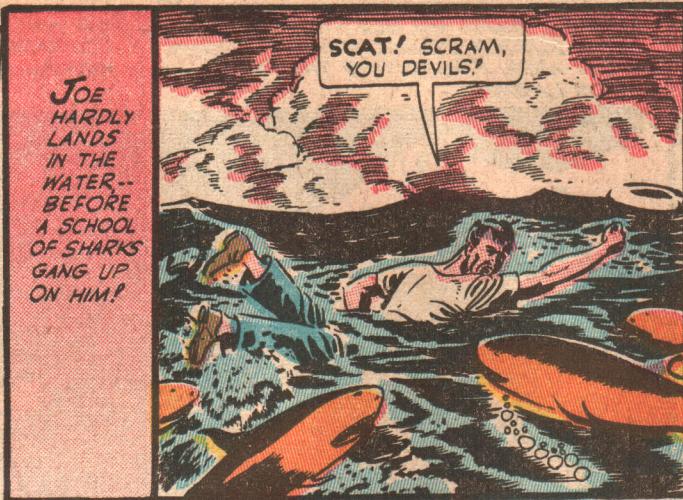


SHORTLY AFTERWARDS....

IT'S A NAVY PLANE,  
AND THEY SEEM TO  
BE DROPPING A RAFT!

I'LL  
SWIM  
OUT,  
AND  
GET  
IT!





THE PBY PILOT DID SEE THEIR SIGNAL...  
BUT A SUDDEN SQUALL SWOOPED DOWN  
ON THE AREA, PREVENTING THE PLANE  
FROM LANDING ---



FOR NINE LONG, DISCOURAGING HOURS, JOE AND HIS  
COMRADES BATTLED THE RAGING SQUALL, BUT THEY  
WON! --- FOR THE NEXT MORNING THEY REACHED LAND!



THE WEARY AMERICANS WERE  
FED AND SHELTERED BY FRIENDLY  
NATIVES, AND LATER WERE TAKEN  
TO A WHITE TRADERS ISLAND,  
NEARBY---



CAN YOU GET  
US BACK TO  
GUADALCANAL?



NOT A  
CHANCE,  
SON! THE  
JAPS WOULD  
SPOT YOU IN  
AN INSTANT!

A FEW DAYS LATER...

THAT'S A U.S. PATROL  
BOMBER, AND BROTHER,  
---HE'S GONNA PICK US  
UP?

BUT  
HOW?

USING A SHEET OF BRIGHT METAL, JOE  
FLASHES SIGNALS TO THE BOMBER  
OVERHEAD ---



SEVERAL MONTHS AFTERWARDS AT THE U.S.  
NAVAL HOSPITAL IN ST. ALBANS, L.I., HARTNEY  
RECEIVES THE COVETED LEGION OF MERIT MEDAL...



THE END (4)

# DIVIDE BY TWO



When Joe Farrell was a little kid, he was always bragging about his dad. "My pop," he would say, "can lick any one of you guys' pops a MILLION times, and think nothing of it!"

"Ya-a . . ." would sneer Billy Holden. "Just because he's a soldier, and kin carry a gun—that don't make him any braver than MY pop—he's a COP!"

"A soldier's braver'n a cop!"  
"No he ain't!"  
"Yes he is!"  
"He ain't!"  
"He is!"

These, and similar arguments, Joe carried with him through all his grammar school years. The funny part was, that Tom Farrell, and George Holden, the fathers of the boys, were the best of friends, and often when Captain Farrell was home on leave, the two families would have a big get-together at either of their houses.

As time went by, Captain Farrell became Major Farrell, in the United States Air Corps, and had distinguished himself as a flying officer of note. Joe was anxiously awaiting the day when he would be privileged to wear his silver wings and follow in the footsteps of his illustrious dad.

And such a day did come. It was a proud Mrs. Farrell who saw her own husband pin the wings of the skymen on her beloved Joe's tunic. Joe was now LIEUTENANT Joseph Farrell, and almost immediately he adopted the serious air that was to go with his profession.

Billy Holden had risen, also. Mrs. Holden didn't mind another policeman in the family, and one fine day Patrolman William Holden became Lieutenant William Holden.

The first leave home from the air-base found the two young men in the same frame of mind as they were twenty years ago.

"So . . .?" asked Lieutenant Holden. "You still think that a soldier's braver than a cop?"

"I still do—most emphatically," answered

Lieutenant Farrell, with a good-natured laugh. "ANY day in the week!"

The two senior Farrels winked at each other, while Mrs. Holden and Mrs. Farrell just sat there and beamed.

Then on that fateful 7th day of December, in 1941 . . .

Bill Holden tried to enlist, but his superior officers advised him to wait. Officers were needed for the home-front, too, and a good police lieutenant like Bill Holden would be hard to replace.

Major and Lieutenant Farrell left immediately to report for active duty. Mrs. Farrell smiled bravely through her tears as she saw them go. A few weeks later, Major Farrell commanded a fighting squadron, in which his son was a combat officer.

In their first tussle with the Nips, a concentrated force of Zeros tried to cut in, and force the Major out of the sky. American flying Majors knew too much, and the Japs started to eliminate, with high-ranking officers as their first targets.

But, Lieutenant Farrell had other ideas about such goings on. In a flash, he set upon the Japs, like a one man hurricane, and mowed them down like a flock of geese.

And Lieutenant Bill Holden came in for his share of bravery, too.

An organized band of rubber-tire thieves tried to get away with a vanful of the precious commodity, but in a running gun-battle, Bill saved his father's life, by outshooting the entire mob, and rounding up the stolen booty.

On their first leave, the two Farrels got together with the Holdens at the latter's house.

"Well," asked the much decorated Lieutenant Farrell, "do you still think a soldier's braver than a cop?"

Lieutenant Holden grinned.

"Guess they're both about the same . . ." he answered.

And they both shook hands on that . . .

# Tag....you're it!

Eddie Blaine yawned. It was half past eleven, and time to close up his father's filling station for the night. He knew his father wouldn't be back from Blainesville for at least another hour, because of the heavy duties imposed upon him, as chief of the air-raid warden sector in that thriving mid-west town. Besides, with gas rationing what it was, the prospect of any more gas sales that evening was pretty slight.

He was starting to lock up the shiny twin pumps, when he heard the car coming along the deserted road at a fast clip. There was a screeching of brakes, and the car, dark and ominous, swung up the driveway leading to the gas pumps.

Two men got out, and walked over to him rapidly. One was a little man with the face of a gargoyle, while the other one was tall and hulking, with a continual sneer.

They looked around the silent station a few minutes. Then the shorter one asked, "Are you alone, kid?"

Eddie nodded. Some instinctive urge told him that these two men were out for no good. Their shifty eyes and furtive movements put him on his guard right away. He cleared his throat, then asked in a voice he could hardly hear, "Did you want some gas, Mister?"

The little man looked around again before answering.

"We want more than gas, kid," he said, "what we need is a CAR! Who belongs to this jalopie?" He pointed to Sam Dexter's car, parked alongside of the station.

"Gosh!" answered Eddie. "That ain't our car. That's here for a repair job. We just fixed it this morning. Dad and I . . ."

The taller man walked over to the car, and examined it, with a series of grunts. "Ain't bad," he said. "It'll get us to Rushville at least. We can grab another one there."

Billy stared up in horror at the man. "You—you mean you're going to STEAL Mr. Dexter's car . . .?"

The smaller man grinned evilly at the boy. "That's the idea, sonny," he answered. "You catch on fast. You ain't gonna cause any trouble, are you . . . or do you want to get your head knocked off . . .?"

Eddie gulped his dry breath, down a dry throat. These men weren't kidding. The business-like way that the little man kept his right hand in his pocket, set up a whirl in the boy's brain that the man was a possessor of a gun—and probably wouldn't hesitate a minute in using it.

The taller one took a bottle out of his pocket.

"Let's have a drink, Lou," he said to his diminutive companion. "This punk here, can fill up the wagon with gas, and we'll be on our

way. It's a shame we ain't got RATION STAMPS, eh, Lou . . .?"

Lou laughed. "Yeah . . ." he answered. "Wait'll the cops find out that we switched cars under their noses. They got a perfect description of the car we got away in after the stick-up. Come on, kid—get busy . . .!"

Under their prodding supervision, he transferred all their belongings from one car to the other. They smoked many cigarettes, and spoke in low tones.

Then, Eddie took the gas-pump hose, and approached the gas-tank of Sam Dexter's car. As his eye fell on the metal license tag, a wild idea came into his head. Quickly, he removed a pair of pliers from his pocket, and dropped on one knee in front of the metal plate,

Hurry it up, kid!" Lou's voice rose from a growl to a snarling command.

Eddie silently walked over to the other car, and stood by the gas tank, fumbling at something.

"Come on," the big fellow said. "We ain't got all night. Let's get goin'."

The boy walked back to the Dexter car, and very slowly put the cap back on the gas tank. Lou grunted, and checked the gas-gauge.

"Full!" he muttered. "If I thought you'd pull some stunt like lettin' the gas out, I'd break you in two!"

They both climbed into the car.

"So long, kid!" Lou called out breezily. "Thanks for the wagon!"

Eddie watched silently, as the car roared down the state highway, then he turned, and ran into the station, and to the telephone.

A half-hour later, Lou turned to his companion, and said. "Hey—we're being followed! There's two cops behind us on motorcycles!"

The big man shrugged. "I'll slow down," he said. "We ain't got nuthin' to worry about. This ain't the car we did the job in. As far as I'M concerned, my name is Sam Dexter!"

"Do you suppose the kid—" began Lou.

"Naw!" exploded the other. "Even if he did tip 'em off, we had a big start. It's probably a routine checkup. I'm slowin' up!"

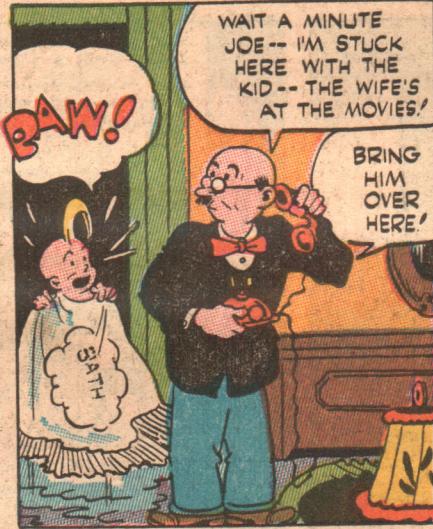
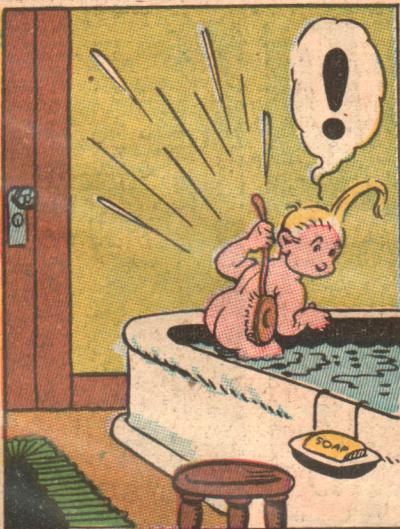
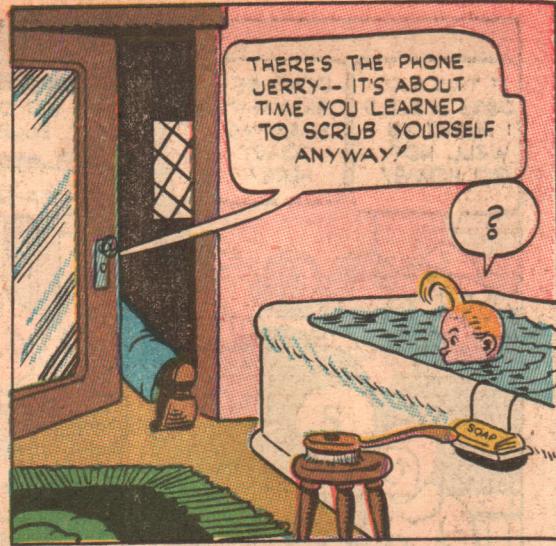
Five minutes later, Lou and his hulking friend were looking into the muzzles of two revolvers held in the very steady hands of two highway patrolmen.

"Look at our licenses," began the big one. "My name is Sam—"

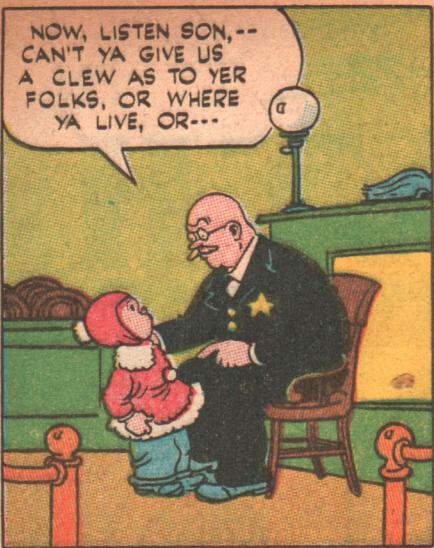
"The papers are in order," said the policeman. "but your number-plate isn't. You're carrying the tag of a car that was used in a hold-up today in River Falls."

Lou cursed softly. Now he knew why young Eddie Blaine took so long to put the gas in the car. Switching number-plates was easy to Eddie. He was an expert at that.

# JERRY JNR







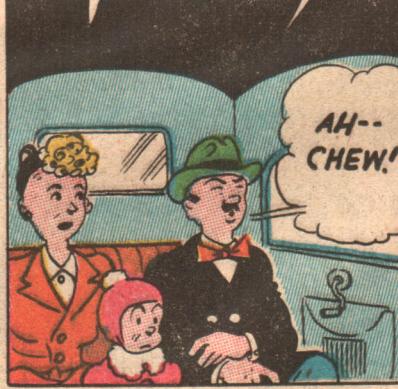
THEY SHUT OFF THE  
HEAT IN JOE'S PLACE--  
SO WE PLAYED IN THE  
NICE WARM STATION,  
SO'S THE KID WOULDN'T  
GET COLD---

IF YOU DON'T  
MIND-- WE'RE  
RUNNING A  
STATION HOUSE HERE  
--NOT A GOOD-WILL  
HOUR! WHO PAYS  
THE FINE?



FINE THING--  
AND YOU WANTING  
TO GO INTO POLITICS!  
YOU'RE RUINED FOR  
LIFE!

AW, LAY  
OFF-- IT'LL  
SOON BLOW  
OVER



HEY---  
REMEMBER  
ME ??



CALL DR. SI NUSS  
AND GO TO BED--  
THIS MAN DESERVES  
A REWARD FOR  
SAVING YOUR  
CHILD! --THE  
POLICE TOLD ME  
THE WHOLE STORY!

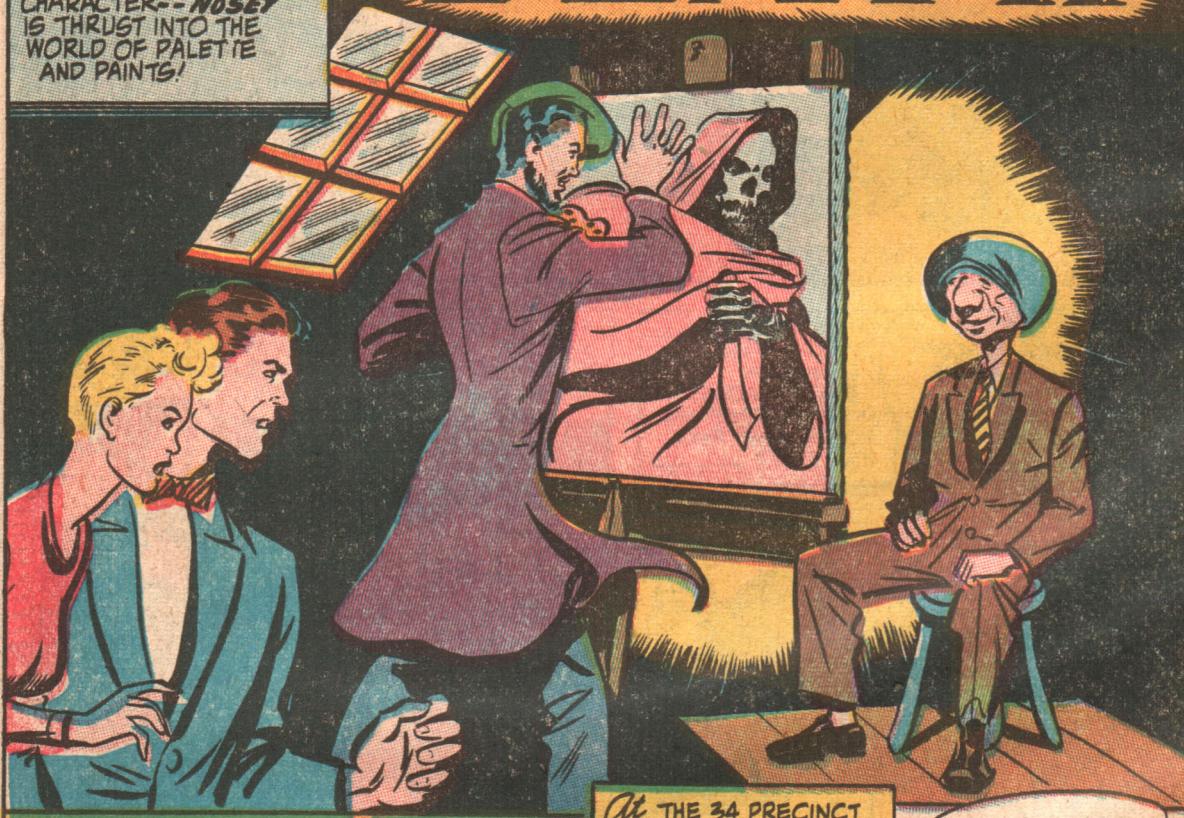
--YES MADAM-- A  
PEACH MELBA!  
THAT'S THE ONLY  
REWARD I WANT!  
--AIN'T HAD ONE  
SINCE I LEFT  
COLLEGE!



*The End*

IN THE THROBBING  
HEART OF NEW YORK  
CITY, A GREAT ARTIST  
PAINTS HIS WAY INTO  
THE GALLERIES OF  
**MURDER AND SUDDEN  
DEATH!** OUR STORY  
REVEALS EXCITEMENT  
BY THE BRUSHFUL, AS  
OUR COLORFUL  
CHARACTER--NOSEY  
IS THRUST INTO THE  
WORLD OF PALETTE  
AND PAINTS!

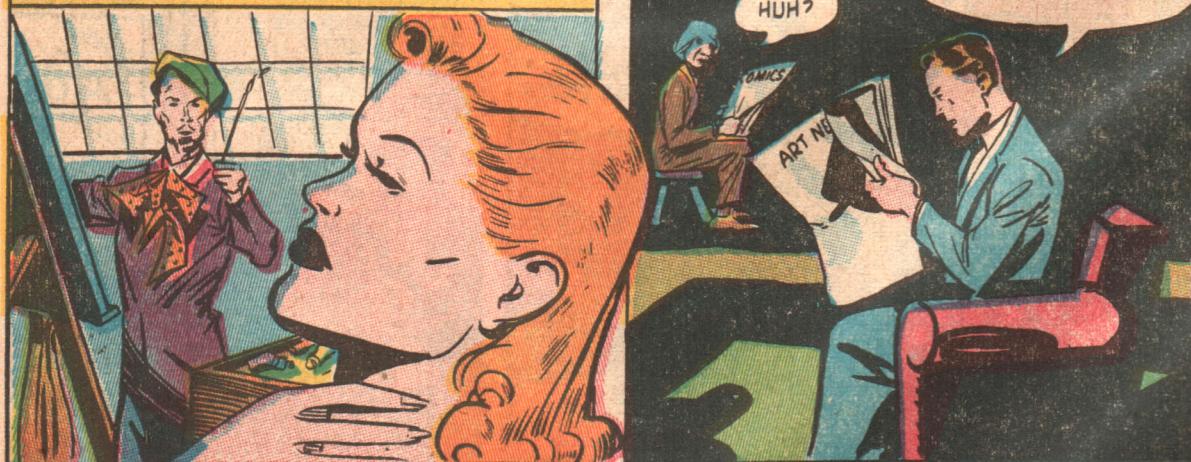
# Sudden DEATH



The Astor-Waldoria Hotel has comm-  
issioned an up and coming young  
artist to paint the portraits of the  
most beautiful women of the smart  
set!

At the 34 Precinct  
Station, Detective  
Terry Moore takes  
notice of the new  
artist!

SAY! I'D LIKE TO  
SEE THAT NEW  
RAPHAL VAN RUBENS  
EXHIBITION AT THE  
GISELLE GALLERIES!



HELLO, GEORGIA! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AT THE VAN RUBENS MASTERPIECES!... COME ALONG!

SURE, TERRY!

THEY JOIN A GROUP OF PEOPLE IN FRONT OF A LARGE PAINTING!



BUT AT THE SAME TIME THE PAPERS BLARE SENSATIONAL HEADLINES!!

A FOURTH AND A FIFTH PORTRAIT IS FINISHED AND THE MODELS DIE AT THE ARTIST'S STUDIO!



TERRY MOORE BECOMES INTERESTED!...

1/2 HOUR LATER--- IN GREENWICH VILLAGE!



WHY, ER... COME IN!

TERRY TALKS TO THE ARTIST...AND  
A FEW MINUTES LATER!



HMM... WOULD YOU  
PAINT ONE OF US  
AS AN EXPERIMENT?

WHY YES...  
CERTAINLY!



PLEASE,  
NOSEY  
FOR ME!

FOR YOU?  
-WHY SURE,  
GEORGIA!



TAKING UP HIS BRUSH, AND WITH  
MASSIVE STROKES, THE ARTIST  
FINISHES THE PORTRAIT IN  
THREE SHORT HOURS!

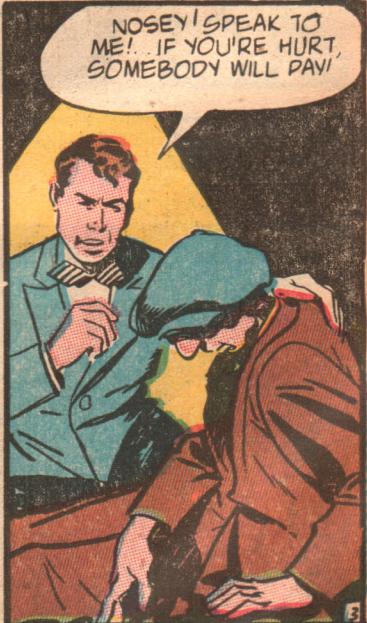


AS THE PAINTING IS FINISHED  
OFF.. NOSEY COLLAPSES!!

OOH-H!  
NOSEY!



NOSEY! SPEAK TO  
ME!.. IF YOU'RE HURT,  
SOMEBODY WILL PAY!



NOSEY! IT'S ME,  
GEORGIA!

GEORGIA?  
AAAHH!

HE'S ALL  
RIGHT, HE  
JUST  
FAINTED!

HEY! LOOK!  
IT IS... IT IS  
ME!

GEORGIA, YOU KNOW THE  
ACCIDENTS HAPPENED  
TO WOMEN!... DO YOU  
THINK YOU'D LIKE  
TO POSE?

SURE, TERRY!  
—I'M NOT  
AFRAID!



VAN RUBENS, DEFTLY MIXES  
AND APPLIES DIFFERENT  
COLORS FOR TWO AND ONE  
HALF HOURS!... THE RESULT:  
**A PORTRAIT!!**

BUT AN ACCIDENT OCCURS!

MISS MCKEE, YOUR  
PICTURE IS FIN...  
—OH, I'VE  
DROPPED IT!

OH!!



IT SMEARED  
A LITTLE, BUT  
IT'S STILL VERY  
GOOD, MR. VAN  
RUBENS!

THANK  
YOU,  
MISS  
MCKEE!



WELL, MR. VAN RUBENS, WE HAVE TO GO! BUT NOW WE'RE CONVINCED THAT YOU ARE **INNOCENT!**



ON RETURNING TO THE STUDIO, THEY FIND VAN RUBENS DEAD!



SAY, TERRY, THIS FINGERPRINT IS **UNDER** THE WRITING!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE! HE COULDN'T HAVE WRITTEN IT AFTER HE KILLED HIMSELF!

BUT WHEN THEY RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS, THEY FIND A PHONE CALL AWAITING THEM!

WHAT'S UP, BOSS.



SOMEONE SAID: "COME BACK TO THE STUDIO"—AND HUNG UP. THIS LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, NOSEY!!

A NOTE! "DEAR TERRY, I'M DOING THIS BECAUSE I'M A KILLER, I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT EVERYONE I'VE PAINTED HAS DIED! THE SHOCK OF SEEING THEIR FACES SO TRULY DEPICTED WAS THE BLOW THAT DID IT! IN NOSEY'S CASE, HE FAINTED, WHICH RELIEVED THE SHOCK! MISS MCKEE'S PORTRAIT SMEARED, DESTROYING ITS ACCURACY! —THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT FOR ME!"

Raphael Van Rubens



HEY, TERRY! LET'S DUCK BEHIND ONE OF THOSE FRAMES! —NOBODY CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE **REAL** PEOPLE AND HIS PICTURE!

SWELL IDEA, NOSEY!



and SURE ENOUGH...

HA RAPHAEL, MY FRIEND, YOU ARE STILL HERE? SO YOUR PALS DIDN'T COME BACK FOR YOU! HEH-HEH!

WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE TWO PAINTINGS ARE THE SAME! -ONE BLINKED!... IT ISN'T A PAINTING... IT'S A MAN!

WELL, HE'S DEAD NOW!... NO, HE DUCKED!

CRACK! CRACK!

NO MORE MURDERS FOR YOU. RAT!

AAAGH!

YES, I MURDERED VAN RUBENS AND THE OTHERS TOO! I HID BEHIND A FRAME AS YOU DID, AND KILLED THEM WITH A SMALL BLOW-GUN! I HATED HIM! HE SPOILED ALL MY CHANCES OF GETTING THIS COMMISSION BY SPREADING REPORTS THAT I WAS A DOPE FIEND... HE DESERVED TO DIE!

NEXT DAY ON TIMES SQUARE...

HE GOES ON TRIAL NEXT WEEK! -SAID HE'D PLEAD GUILTY!

HEY!

GANGWAY! A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER! NO MORE PICTURES FOR ME!

HA! HA! HA!

HUH?

The End

# THE THEATRE OF DOOM!

KATE CLAXTON  
A DISTINGUISHED  
FAMOUS DRAMA

KATE CLAXTON  
IN THE  
TWO

THE PLACE: BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
THE TIME: DEC. 5, 1876

OPENING NIGHT AT THE  
BROOKLYN THEATRE---AS  
CROWDS FLOCK TO SEE  
THE FAMOUS STAR, KATE  
CLAXTON, IN HER PLAY,  
THEY LITTLE SUSPECT  
THAT THE LEADING ROLE  
WILL BE PLAYED BY THE  
FIGURE OF DOOM!



BACKSTAGE, IN  
THE STAR'S  
DRESSING ROOM,  
JUST BEFORE  
THE PLAY  
STARTS, MAUDE  
HARRISON STEPS  
IN TO VISIT  
KATE CLAXTON!!

GOOD LUCK, KATE! NO---! BUT I  
SAY---WHAT'S THE FEEL STRANGE,  
MATTER? YOU'RE MAUDE! AS IF  
NOT SICK? SOMETHING'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN!



DON'T BE SILLY,  
KATE. FORGET  
THAT CRAZY  
FORTUNE-  
TELLER!

I CAN'T! SHE SAID TO  
ME ---"BEWARE! THE  
HAND OF FATE  
POINTS AT YOU!"



KATE CLAXTON'S FEARS SEEMED UNFOUNDED---ALL WENT WELL UNTIL ACT 5---AND THEN---

**FIRE!**



ON THE STAGE, NO ONE KNEW ABOUT THE FIRE---UNTIL---



Then---A MOMENT LATER---



WHEN KATE CLAXTON SPOKE TO THE AUDIENCE---AND HER QUIET WORDS HELD BACK THE PANIC!

WAIT! DON'T BE FRIGHTENED!  
SEE! WE'RE BETWEEN YOU  
AND THE FIRE! SIT STILL!  
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HOW?

BUT THE FLAMES SPREAD AND FEAR STRIKES THE AUDIENCE---!

LET THOSE IN THE BACK GO FIRST! THEN THE WAY WILL BE CLEAR FOR THE REST!



SUDDENLY, WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE WHOLE BACK WALL OF SCENERY BECAME A SOLID SHEET OF FLAME---

DON'T RUN! PLEASE  
DON'T RUN!

HELP!

COME ON!  
IT'S TIME WE  
WERE OUT  
OF THIS!



WHAT STARTED IT! PANIC STRIKEN, MAD WITH FEAR, THEY RUSHED FOR THE DOOR!

LET US OUT!

HELP!  
HELP!

HURRY!



THEN--A FLASH AND A ROAR! THE BLAST OF FLAME REACHED OUT ALMOST TO THE BALCONY.

AEEEEE!

HELP!  
HELP!

WE'LL BURN ALIVE!

BOOM!

THE LAST TO LEAVE--

TAKE YOUR TIME! YOU'LL--

I CAN'T STAY ANY LONGER!



NEXT MINUTE, AN EXPLOSION---AND THE FIRE ROARED TOWARD ITS VICTIMS!

BOOM!

STAMPEDE!  
PANIC!

HELP!

LEMMIE OUT!

THE ONLY EXIT---

GET OUTTA MY WAY!

HELP!  
HELP!



AND THEN, RIPPED FROM ITS MOORINGS BY ITS ENORMOUS WEIGHT, THE STAIR LANDING CRASHED DOWN!

AI-EEEH!

SAVE US!!



BUT OFF FROM THE STAGE, KATE HAS DASHED TO THE CELLAR!

DROP THOSE THINGS, MAUDE! COME QUICKLY, OR WE'LL BOTH DIE!

THERE! IT'S OPEN! THIS TUNNEL LEADS OUT FRONT--UNDER THE AUDITORIUM!

I NEVER KNEW SUCH A THING EXISTED!

ON THE PASSAGE---

MAUDE, I JUST THOUGHT--WHAT BE IF THE BOX OFFICE TRAPPED DOOR IS LOCKED? BENEATH IT'S A SPRING THIS TERRIBLE LOCK!

OH--DEAR GOD! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED! DON'T LET IT BE LOCKED!

NOW THEY MUST GET TO THE STREET-- TO SAFETY! BUT AGAINST THAT MAD CROWD IN THE LOBBY, IT SEEMED THEY'D NEVER BURST OPEN THE DOOR!

OH, KATE! I JUST CAN'T! IT WON'T MOVE!

PUSH! WE MUST OPEN THE DOOR OR WE'LL BE BURNED ALIVE IN HERE!

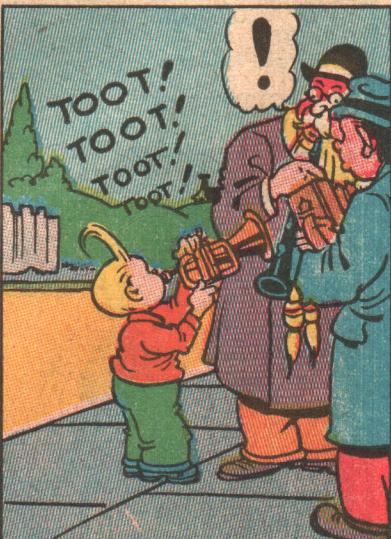
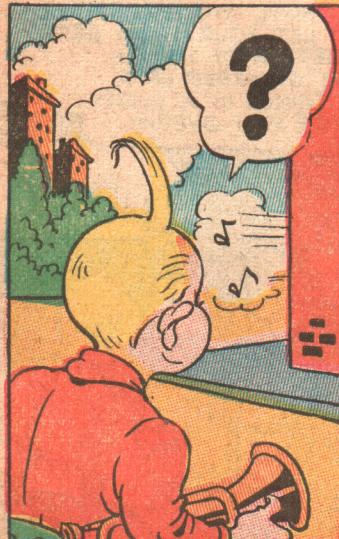
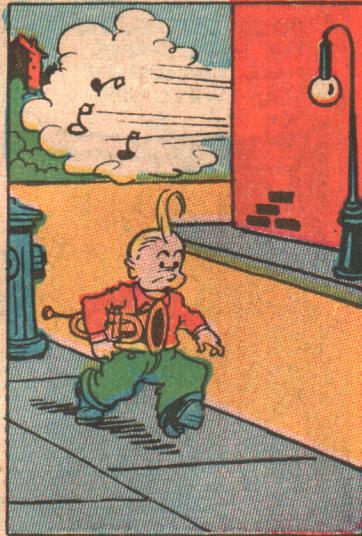
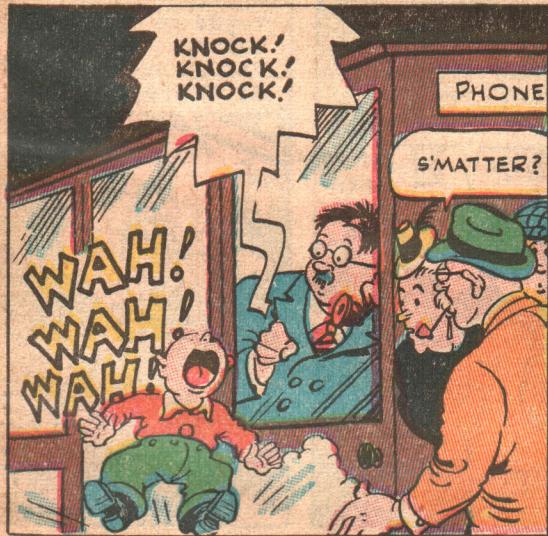
MAUDE, LOOK! THE STAIRCASE GAVE WAY AND CRASHED THROUGH THE LOBBY FLOOR--- INTO THE CELLAR!

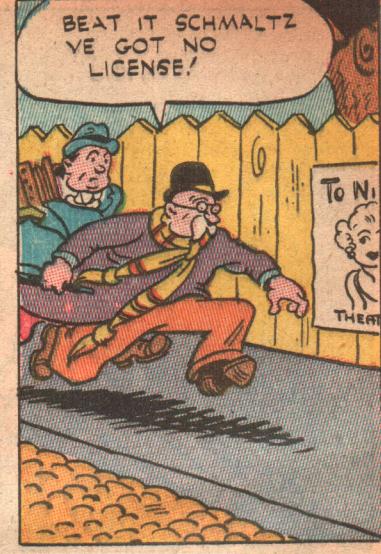
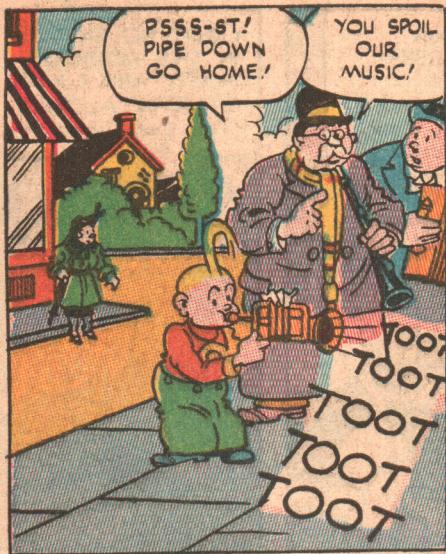
COME ON! HERE'S THE OUTSIDE DOOR!

KATE, IT WAS A THEATRE OF DOOM! I STILL FEEL THE FINGER OF FATE UPON ME!

AFTER THAT PEOPLE SAID, "KATE CLAXTON'S UNLUCKY!" FIRE'S FOLLOWED HER EVERYWHERE! THE SHOW BECAME KNOWN AS A "HOODOO"--- WAS IT THE HAND OF FATE? ANOTHER TRUE PERSONAL ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF POWER COMICS!!

# JERRY JR.





WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US YOU LOST YOUR JOB? I'LL REPORT IT TO THE LOCAL PAPER! MY--MY! IT'S AWFUL--SENDING A MERE CHILD OUT TO EARN MONEY.'

OH! I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.'

STAR! THAT KID!

SORRY TO HEAR O' YER TROUBLE HOPPER! ANYTHING I CAN DO?

SHUT UP!

HEY, MR. HOPP! I GIVE YOU ALL MY LEFT OVER STOCK!-- YOU LOSE JOB-- I FEED!

WHAT A DISGRACE! -- THAT KID GETS THE FIRST SPANKING OF HIS LIFE!

FRUIT STORE

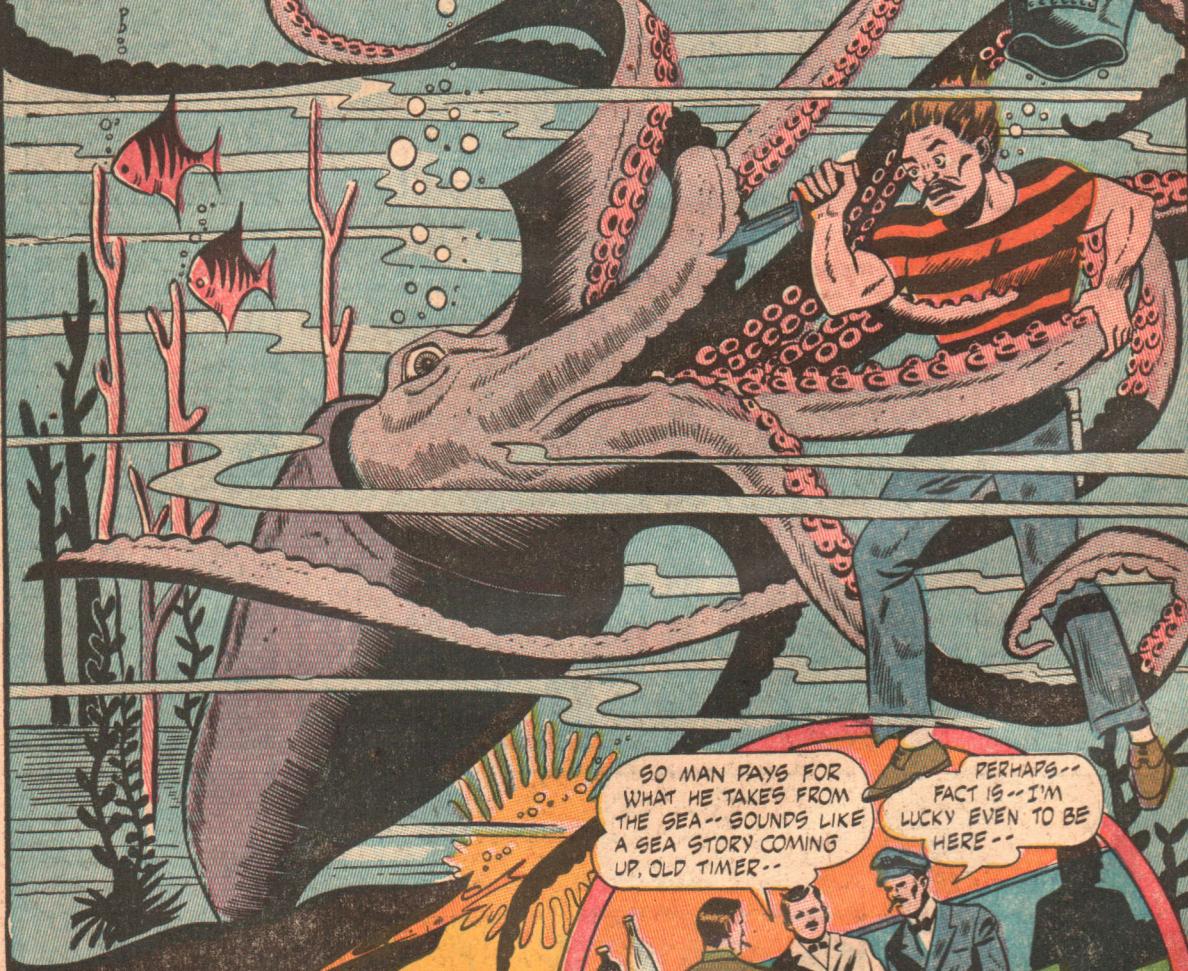
MARINE BASE

SO YA TRACED HIM HERE? YEAH, THE KID IS IN THERE WITH THEM LEATHERNECKS!

THIS IS GONNA HURT ME WORSE THAN IT DOES THE KID,--BUT HE'S GOT IT COMIN'!



# RETRIBUTION



GET YOUR  
FANCY WANDER TO  
A WATER FRONT BAR  
IN SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,  
AS TOM GREGSON LISTENS  
TO A TALE TOLD TO HIM BY  
A MAN WHO INTRODUCED HIM-  
SELF AS JIM ASHFORD-- THEN,  
ASK YOURSELF-- WAS THIS THE  
REAL RETRIBUTION--? OR WAS IT THE  
MYSTERIOUS SEA HAVING A LONG  
LAUGH AT A HUMAN BEING WHO WANTED  
TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM ITS  
MURKY DEPTHS--?

SO MAN PAYS FOR  
WHAT HE TAKES FROM  
THE SEA-- SOUNDS LIKE  
A SEA STORY COMING  
UP, OLD TIMER--

PERHAPS--  
FACT IS-- I'M  
LUCKY EVEN TO BE  
HERE--

OLD ASHFORD THEN TOLD HIM OF HIS QUEST FOR PEARLS IN THE ISLANDS, AND THE DANGERS HE ENCOUNTERED--

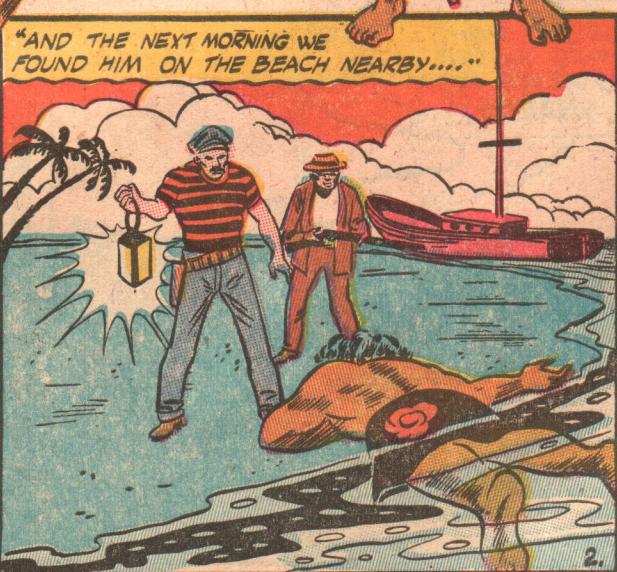
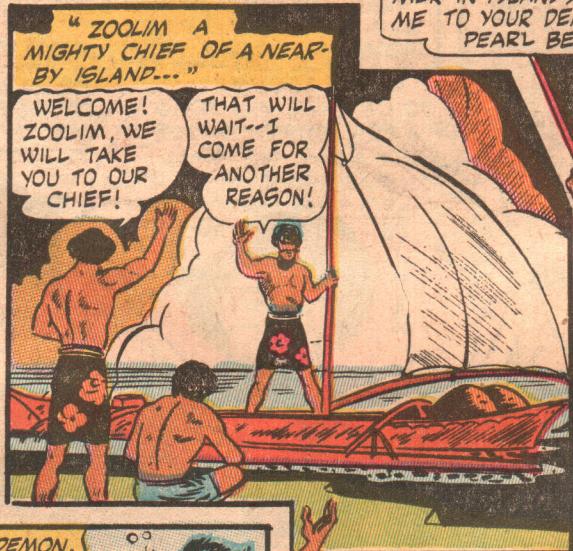
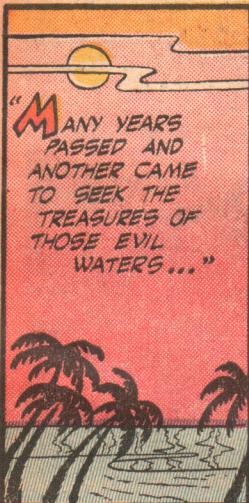
I HAD HEARD OF THE RICH PEARL BEDS IN THE TUAMOTO GROUP-- I TOOK THREE MONTH'S SUPPLIES ABOARD MY BOAT, AND WENT THERE!

I'VE HEARD THE NATIVES THERE ARE STILL A BUNCH OF UNCIVILIZED CANNIBALS!

"THAT'S TRUE-- TEN YEARS AGO A NATIVE TABOO WAS PUT ON THE WATERS SURROUNDING THE ISLE OF MAIKA .... IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT LONG AGO--"

OH GREAT CHIEF.... MY SON HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE DEMON THAT DWELLS IN THE PEARL BEDS!

THE PLACE IS TABOO-- I FORBID ANYONE TO GO INTO THOSE WATERS!



"WE TOOK HIM TO OUR BOAT, HOPING TO SAVE HIS LIFE...."

CAREFUL, BUCK--HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!

YEAH--WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT HIM THERE! I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--?



"ZOOLIM'S LEG WAS BADLY CRUSHED--WE PREPARED TO AMPUTATE--"

"THE LOSS OF HIS LEG AT FIRST WAS DESPAIRING-- BUT HE WAS GRATEFUL TO US."

YOU SAVE MY LIFE-- I SHOW YOU HOW TO GET MANY PEARLS FROM WATER OF DEVIL CLAM--



"A FEW DAYS LATER WE HAD DECIDED THAT ZOOLIM COULD BE OF USE TO US."

SAY BUCK, IF HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, HE'S JUST THE ONE WE NEED TO TAKE US TO THE PEARLS!

YEAH--AND MAYBE DIVE FOR THEM TOO-- IF THAT WOOD-EN LEG WE MADE, DON'T KEEP HIM AFLOAT--

"THEN WE REACHED THE SPOT WHERE A FORTUNE WAS BUT A FEW FEET BENEATH OUR BOAT-- OUR NERVES WERE ON EDGE--"

WELL-- ZOOLIM-- GO ON OVER AND BRING UP A FEW OYSTER SHELLS LET'S SEE IF THIS PEARL BUSINESS IS ON THE LEVEL!

--BUCK WAS INFURIATED AT ZOOLIM'S REFUSAL--IN A MOMENT OF ANGER HE LASHED OUT AT THE NATIVE, BUT MISSED.

BUCK!



HELP! JIM-- THIS WATER IS ALIVE WITH SHARKS!!

CATCH THIS LINE, BUCK! HOLD ON, TIGHT!



"BUT THE SHARKS WERE FASTER--"

AGHR-R-R-R-R--!



I REALIZED THAT, WITH BUCK GONE, THE ONLY ONE LEFT TO HELP ME GET THE PEARLS WAS ZOOLIM-- SO I MADE A BARGAIN--

A BARGAIN?

"YES.... I STILL HAD MY DIVING EQUIPMENT... IF I COULD ONLY PUT IT TO USE-- I TOLD ZOOLIM, WITH MY BOAT, HE COULD BE A GREAT CHIEF OF MANY ISLANDS...."

LOOK, ZOOLIM... I NEED YOUR HELP-- IF YOU WILL HELP ME GET THOSE PEARLS, I WILL GIVE THIS BOAT TO YOU!

WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO?



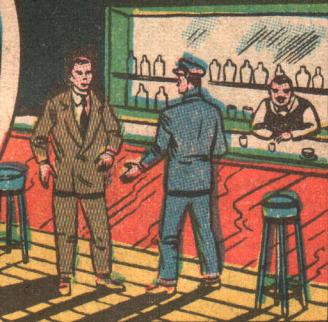
"I ATTEMPTED TO EXPLAIN THE DIVING GEAR TO ZOOLIM--"

-- THIS HELMET YOU WEAR ON YOUR HEAD... YOU CAN STAY UNDER WATER MANY HOURS-- I PUMP THE AIR DOWN TO YOU WITH THIS PUMP...

WAIT! YOU SHOW ME HOW TO WORK PUMP-- YOU MAKE DIVE WITH WATER HAT--

GOOD HEAVENS! YOU DON'T MEAN YOU TRUSTED YOUR LIFE IN THE HANDS OF THIS SAVAGE?

I HAD TO!! AFTER ALL, ZOOLIM WAS A SMART SAVAGE --BESIDES THAT-- I TRUSTED HIM!



"AFTER I HAD THOROUGHLY COACHED HIM IN THE OPERATION OF THE DIVING EQUIPMENT, I WAS READY TO GO OVER FOR THE FIRST TIME."

WELL, ZOOLIM, WE'LL SOON SEE IF WHAT YOU SAY ABOUT THE PEARLS, IS TRUE --

REMEMBER-- BE CAREFUL OF GIANT CLAM NEAR CORAL REEF--



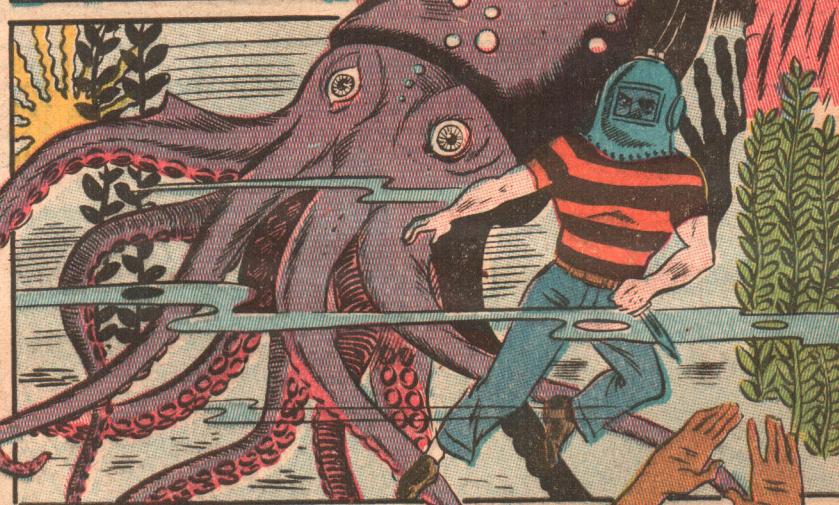
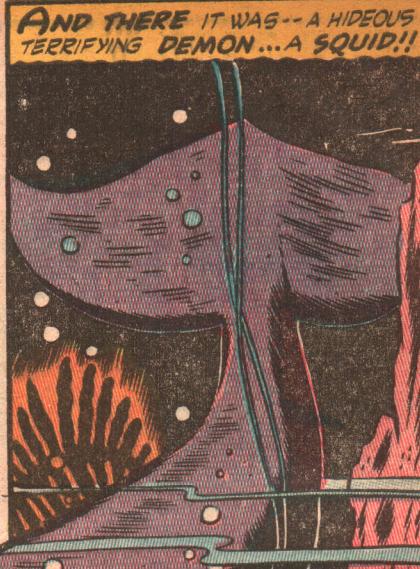
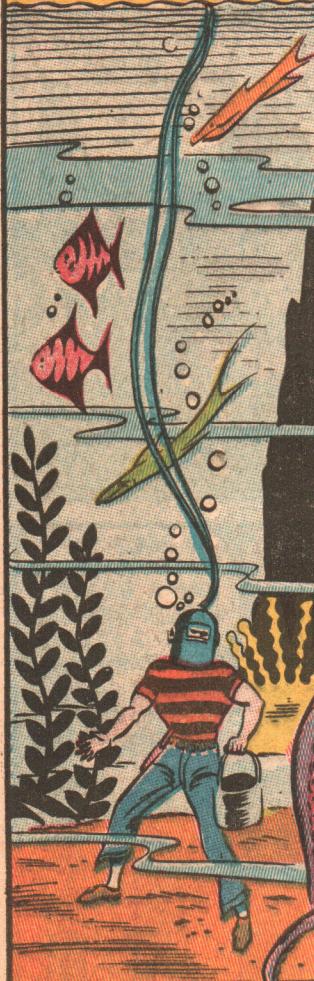
"I CAME UP LATER-- AND FOR AN HOUR'S WORK, I HAD A FORTUNE IN MY HANDS ---

THEY'RE -- THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! WITH A FEW MORE LIKE THIS I COULD-- ZOOLIM! HAVE THINGS READY TO DIVE AGAIN IN THE MORNING....

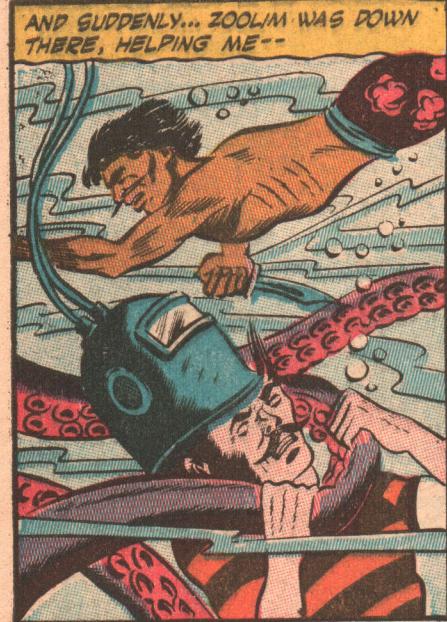
STILL MUCH DANGER! BETTER WE GO NOW!



"BUT, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY I DIVE AGAIN, IGNORING ZOOLIM'S WARNING---"



"AND SUDENLY... ZOOLIM WAS DOWN THERE, HELPING ME--"



"SOMEHOW-- I SHOT TO THE SURFACE, FREE OF THE DIVING HELMET--"

"I'M AFRAID POOR ZOOLIM IS DONE FOR!"



"BUT, AT THE SAME INSTANT HE CAME UP, TOO---!"



"I QUICKLY GOT ZOOLIM ABOARD AND DECIDED TO GET AWAY FROM THERE AT ONCE --"

ZOOLIM, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, I'D BE DEAD NOW--

YOU SAVE MY LIFE ONCE-- WE EVEN NOW--

YOU GOT PEARLS NOW, ASHFORD-- WHEN YOU GIVE ME BOAT? I WANT TO RETURN TO MY VILLAGE--"

SOON AS WE REACH SYDNEY, ZOOLIM-- WAIT-- WHAT'S THAT??

"I TURNED AND SAW SOMETHING THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO MY HEART--"

TYphoon! LASH YOURSELF TO MAST-- I KEEP WHEEL!



"I DID AS ZOOLIM DIRECTED-- LASHED MYSELF TO THE MAST OF THE SHIP-- I HAD THE PEARLS IN AN OILSKIN POUCH AROUND MY NECK--"

I SUPPOSE THE PEARLS BROUGHT YOU A TIDY SUM HERE IN SYDNEY?

NO! I STILL HAVE THEM-- WOULD YOU CARE TO SEE THEM?



"BUT THE SEA CLAIMED ZOOLIM-- HE WAS WASHED OVERBOARD! THREE DAYS LATER, I WAS PICKED UP BY A FISHING BOAT AND BROUGHT BACK TO SYDNEY--"



JUST THEN-- DO YOU KNOW THOSE FELLOWS BEHIND YOU?

OH! THERE YOU ARE ASHFORD-- I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU!



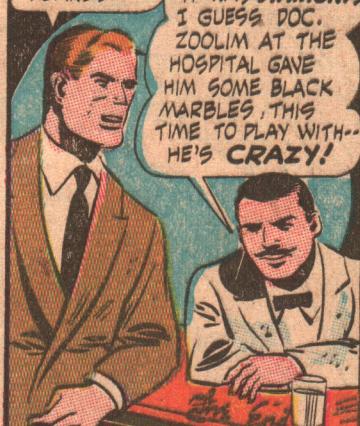
THERE-- THERE NOW-- YOU CAN SHOW THE GENTLEMAN YOUR PEARLS SOME OTHER TIME

AW-- YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!



SAY! BARTENDER, WHO WAS THAT GUY? HAS HE REALLY GOT PEARLS--

PEARLS? SAY, THAT'S GOOD! LAST TIME HE WAS HERE, IT WAS DIAMONDS. I GUESS DOC. ZOOLIM AT THE HOSPITAL GAVE HIM SOME BLACK MARBLES, THIS TIME TO PLAY WITH-- HE'S CRAZY!

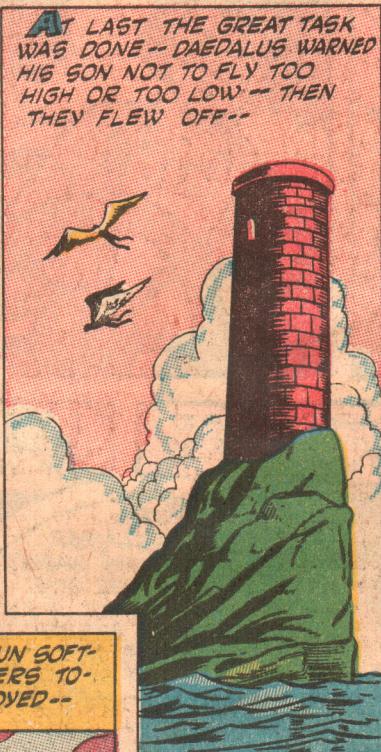


# The Fable of Daedalus & Icarus

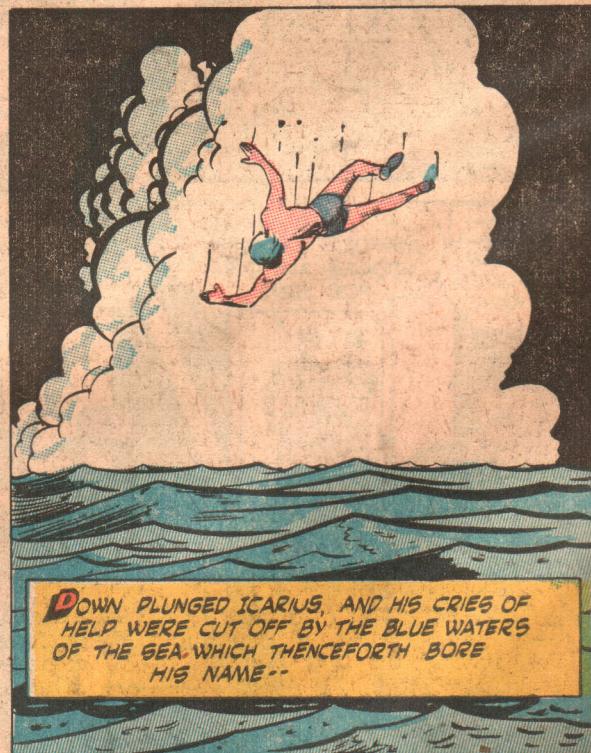
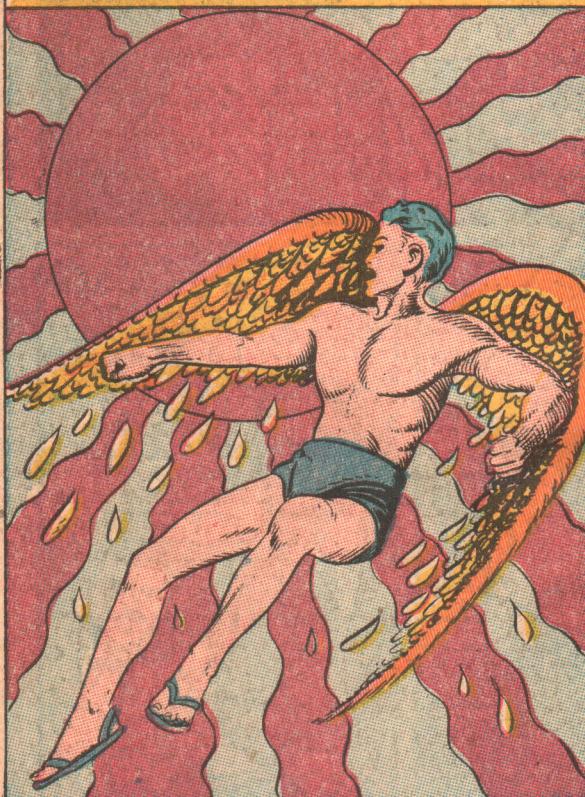
IMPRISONED IN A TOWER, DAEDALUS, AN ARTISAN OF ANTIQUITY, CONTRIVED TO ESCAPE WITH HIS SON, ICARUS, BY MAKING TWO PAIRS OF WINGS, SECURING THE FEATHERS WITH WAX--



AT LAST THE GREAT TASK WAS DONE--DAEDALUS WARNED HIS SON NOT TO FLY TOO HIGH OR TOO LOW--THEN THEY FLEW OFF--

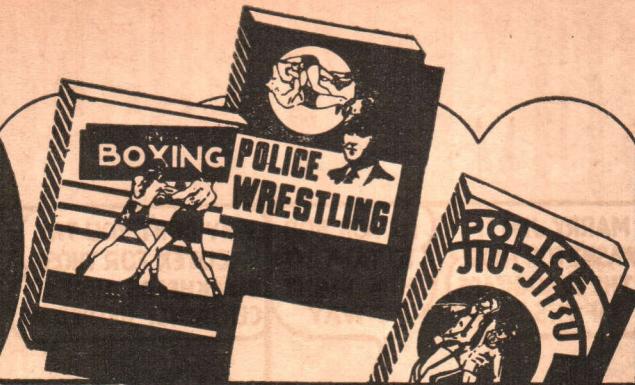


BUT THE NEARNESS OF THE BLAZING SUN SOFTENED THE WAX WHICH HELD THE FEATHERS TOGETHER, AND THE WINGS WERE DESTROYED--



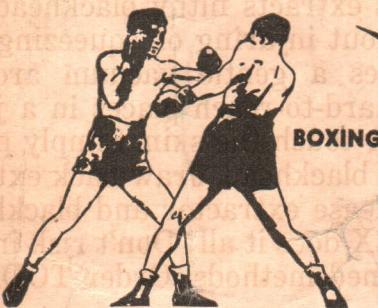
DOWN PLUNGED ICARUS, AND HIS CRIES OF HELP WERE CUT OFF BY THE BLUE WATERS OF THE SEA, WHICH THENCEFORTH BORE HIS NAME--

**FREE!**  
with this  
offer!



ONE BOOK FREE IF YOU ORDER THE OTHER TWO!

**Be the  
MASTER - NOT THE SLAVE - LEARN  
THIS EASY, QUICK WAY TO DEFEND YOUR-  
SELF IN ANY SITUATION . . . ANYWHERE!**



BOXING



WRESTLING



JIU-  
JITSU

all  
3  
books  
ONLY  
\$1.00

If bought  
separately  
each

50c

HERE'S every science of self-defense, and lethal attack, known to man, wrapped up into one red-blooded package. Here's he-man knowledge that will give you a weapon to overcome any enemy no matter how small you are or how big he is. This new fast-moving system will make you tough—or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

In every dynamite-packed page of these sensational book form instructions, experts teach you through pictures and stories our new method. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly bone-crushing Jiu-Jitsu.

Now forget the word fear! Never again cringe or shy away from a scrap. Imagine the wonderful feeling of confidence that will come when you know that you're nobody's slave, and that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect that others will have for you, and the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough, tough, scrapping, deadly efficient hellion you can be.

You will learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method! You will learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in the privacy of your own home. And what's more, you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want every red-blooded American to know how to defend himself. They wanted to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price of these books was made so low that everyone could afford to own them. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, if you buy any two books, we will give you the third book absolutely FREE.

**SEND NO MONEY — RUSH COUPON NOW!**

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, just fill in the coupon. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus small postage and C.O.D. charges with him. If you are not completely convinced after five days, return the books and your money will be refunded in full. Remember, you buy only two books. We give you the third absolutely FREE. Don't wait until trouble strikes. Prepare NOW. Order yours TODAY!

PICKWICK CO.  
Dept. C-5311, 73 West 44th St.  
New York 18, N. Y.

Rush a copy of  Scientific Boxing—50¢  Police Jiu-Jitsu—50¢  
 Police Wrestling—50¢  
(If you check two books, we will send you the third FREE.)  
Enclosed find \$..... Please send the books all charges prepaid.

NAME..... **JVJ-NARFSTAR**  
ADDRESS.....

CITY & ZONE.....  
It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price.

Please send all 3 books C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.38.

# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS

UGLY  
BLACKHEADS

USE  
VACUTEX



RUSH  
COUPON  
Send No  
MONEY

THEY'RE  
OUT!

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. A-5011  
19 West 44 St., New York, 18, N.Y.

Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
 I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

# POWER

NARF

10¢

IN CANADA 15¢

P.D.C.

NO. 1

JVJ

